

GREAT NEW SERIAL, "THE MYSTERY HUSBAND" BEGINS ON PAGE 15

The Daily Mirror 20

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF

ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

PAGES

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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1923

One Penny.

MITCHAM FIGHT

TO-DAY'S STATE CEREMONY



Mr. Catterall, Independent Conservative candidate at Mitcham, who has made such a promising start in the campaign.



The Duke and Duchess of Abercorn (seated), at Stormont Castle, after their arrival from London for the state entry of the Duke into Belfast to-day as Governor of Northern Ireland. Also in the picture are (left to right) the Primate of Ulster, Mr. James Craig, Lady Craig, Sir James Craig, Mrs. D'Arcy, Colonel McClin-
tock, Lady Bates and Commander Henderson.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



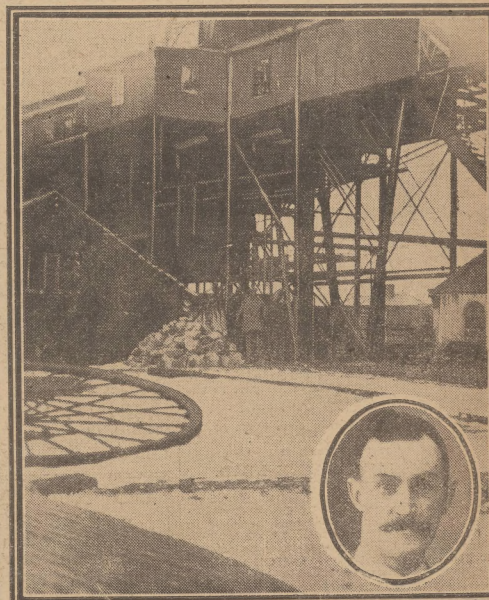
Sir A. Griffith-Boscawen and Lady Griffith-Boscawen. The result may leave the Health Minister still without a seat.

Supporters of Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen in the Mitcham by-election are by no means confident of his return. Should he be defeated he will probably resign his office of Minister of Health, and in that event Lieutenant-Colonel Leslie Wilson is regarded as a likely successor.



Lieut.-Colonel Leslie Wilson.

DASHED TO DEATH IN MINE SHAFT



The pithead at the Consett Iron Company's colliery at Medomsley, Durham, where eight miners were killed on Saturday when the fall of a large stone dashed the cage 330ft. to the bottom of the shaft. Inset, Thomas Cant, one of the victims.

TURN TO PAGE 15 AND BEGIN OUR BRILLIANT NEW SERIAL, "THE MYSTERY HUSBAND"

TOMB AT LUXOR NOW CLOSED.

100 Tons of Rock to Go Into Cavity.

GOLD FASHION NOTE Discoveries That Will Affect Women's Dress.

Tut-ankh Amen's tomb in Luxor was finally closed yesterday to visitors. After the sealing up of the tomb it is expected operations will be suspended till October.

Modern furniture and dress, it is thought, will be largely influenced by the treasures found in the tomb. The archaeologists are living meanwhile, like recluses, in an area infested by wolves, jackals and wild cats.

After the sealing up of the tomb Lord Carnarvon will probably take a holiday.

SEALED TREASURES.

Pharaoh's Rest To Be Safeguarded Till October.

LUXOR, Sunday.

Tut-ankh Amen's tomb was finally closed to visitors this afternoon. Filling in operations will begin at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, and are expected to last a day and a half.

To avert possible damage from cloudbursts, sluice-gates will be fitted at the entrance of the tomb; these will be strengthened by a sheathing of heavy timber baulks.

Finally, a hundred tons of limestone rocks will be shot into the cavity to safeguard the rest of Pharaoh until the resumption of operations later, possibly in October.

When the tomb has been definitely sealed Lord Carnarvon will take a short holiday at Asuan.

It is thought Tut-ankh Amen's treasures will exercise a preponderant influence over the design of present-day furniture.

There is a decidedly Chinese air about certain small elaborately worked stools, some of which, realising the boast of the

Mr. Howard Carter.

Psalmist, show Asiatic and negro captives inlaid or painted on wood on whom Pharaoh has set his foot.

Notable features of all the furniture are the slender legs and general grace of the design. The world of dress is likely to be set in a furore when some headwork of the royal vestments is publicly exhibited, particularly the gold bead ornamentation of the royal sandals. The archaeologists (including Mr. Howard Carter, who on behalf of Lord Carnarvon, is superintending the excavations) live in unpresumptuous stone and mortar houses with nothing but the barest rough-hewn furniture and primitive equipment.—Reuter.

NEW MUSICAL PLAY.

"Cousin from Nowhere" Who Seems To Have Come to Stay.

By Our Dramatic Critic.

"The Cousin from Nowhere," produced at the Prince's Theatre on Saturday evening, is an original and delightful musical play.

The play is German in origin, and has been adapted by Mr. Fred Thompson. But the scene is laid in Holland.

The score is by Edward Kunneke, who, some time ago, fell pleasantly on London's ears with "Love's Awakening."

Mr. Walter Williams, singer of chorus songs in revue, is the lover, and has a "serious" music to sing. His excellent acting carries him through even the most difficult musical passages.

Mr. Roy Royston has the makings of a first-rate light comedian. Mr. Jimmy Godden is a Dutch uncle, and shows that, in addition to being a comedian, he can take his part in the ensembles with telling effect.

The heroine is Miss Helen Gilliland, who sings well, and Miss Cicely Debenham as the "dearest friend" is delightfully droll.

MAN DISCOVERS WIFE DEAD.

Shortly after the wife of Harry Davis, a waterman, of Southend, got up and went downstairs yesterday morning he found her dead in the scullery with her head resting upon a pillow in the oven and the gas taps fully turned on. She had been suffering from nervous debility.

MINER AND SON KILLED IN PIT.

While doing repair work at North Blaina Colliery James Brookes, forty-seven, and his son, Arthur James Brookes (sixteen) were killed by a fall of roof. Two other men, John Pearce and his son, John, were buried in the debris, but were extricated.

PULLING THE WORLD.

Great Response to a "Daily Mirror" Advertisement.

PUBLICITY THAT PAYS.

A remarkable instance of the efficacy of *The Daily Mirror* as an advertising medium has just been brought to our notice.

The Dorland Agency, Limited, of 16, Regent-street, inserted a trial advertisement in this paper for a new client.

Every person replying had to enclose 10s. It was a sheer test of advertising—"pull." There were no offers of free samples or other things to tempt replies.

In a very short space of time 794 cash orders had been received, and these, in addition to the United Kingdom, had come from—

Italy, Mesopotamia, Egypt, Channel Islands, Belgium, Switzerland, Portugal, West Indies, France, India, Norway, Spain, Holland, Burma, Germany, Malta and South Africa.

"I think this is a wonderful record," writes the manager of the agency. "Orders are still coming in nearly three months after the insertion of the advertisement."

That speaks for itself. We need add nothing.

TO COST MILLIONS.

Big Scheme to Develop Thames Haven as an Oil Depot.

A scheme involving many millions is on the point of fruition to enable the Port of London Authority to take over Thames Haven, near Southend.

The idea appears to be to develop this oil centre along ambitious lines. Negotiations have been protracted, and a public announcement will be made shortly.

WOMAN'S DEATH RIDDLE.

Thirty-Five Witnesses to Appear in Welsh Mystery Inquest.

No fewer than thirty-five witnesses will be called at the resumed inquest, which opens at Newport to-morrow, on Mrs. Jennie Morgan, the wife of a butcher, who died under mysterious circumstances.

It will be recalled that certain organs of the dead woman have been submitted to analytical examination the result of which will be disclosed at the inquest.

It is understood that arsenic has been found, but the riddle which the jury will have to try and solve will be: How did the woman come to take poison?

Scotland Yard detectives have been making inquiries into the case, and it is said that they have made some important discoveries.

ARSENAL IN CITY SLUM.

Arrest and Big Seizure of Arms at Liverpool—Girl Rebel Courier.

During the week-end police raided a house in the slum district of Liverpool and seized a number of revolvers, 500 rounds of ammunition and several detonators, which, it is believed, were intended for Ireland. An arrest was made.

Important Republican dispatches have been found on a Tipperary woman, visiting Donegal, who has been conveyed to Mountjoy Gaol.

The railway station at Carrigrohilly, Co. Cork, was destroyed by fire on Saturday night. Troops assisted to prevent the flames from spreading, and saved the goods store. An all night search for the incendiaries proved fruitless.

GIRL PIANIST MISSING.

Student of Seventeen Who Left Her Home at Acton.

Mystery surrounds the sudden disappearance of Miss May Gibson, aged seventeen-and-a-half, of Acton, who left her home last Wednesday.

Miss Gibson is a brilliant pianist, and a student at the Royal College of Music at South Kensington. In four or five weeks' time she was to appear as the star attraction at a concert which was to launch her on her career.

Recently, however, she told her mother she was confident she could earn her own living, and Mrs. Gibson told *The Daily Mirror* she thinks her daughter has gone away to carry out this intention.

DO NOT MISS

next Wednesday's "Daily Mirror," which will contain an important Prize scheme announcement of interest to every reader. Full particulars will be given in this issue, orders for which should be placed

AT ONCE

FIGHT FOR TUBES.

North London Determined to Get Extension.

WORKERS' DEMANDS.

Thousands of weary workers were the unwilling players in scenes which beggar description during the homeward rush at Finsbury Park on Saturday.

This is where two tube systems end, and a score of tram and bus routes converge.

An elderly woman shopper, caught in the homeward rush, had her wrist badly wrenched.

North London is determined that the Government shall not mistake its demand for the extension of the tube railways into their districts. The blocking Act of Parliament by which the London and North Eastern Railway is able to prevent the extensions must be rescinded, and gratitude to *The Daily Mirror* is expressed on all sides for its powerful lead in helping to break down the vested interests.

"I have received a letter from the London District Council of Post Office Workers, representing 23,000 workers, strongly supporting our campaign for tube extensions north of Finsbury Park," Mr. K. C. Morris, M.P. for North Tottenham told *The Daily Mirror*.

"The Council truly says that they would be an inestimable boon to many thousands, enabling them to get to and from their work much more expeditiously than at present."

In addition, the work of construction would help materially to bridge over the present period of depression.

FATAL HUNTING FALL.

Lord Chance's Officer Nephew Killed in Essex.

While hunting with the Essex Hounds on Saturday afternoon Captain Nigel William Wynne Freer, M.C., D.S.O., of The Mount, Harlow (Essex), was thrown at a fence and his horse fell on him, his injuries proving fatal.

The captain, who was thirty years of age and a nephew of Viscount Cave, the Lord Chancellor, served with distinction during the war in the R.F.A.

Mr. Magnate Hurt—Sir Henri Detering, head of the Royal Dutch Oil Company, met with an accident while hunting in Leicestershire, but is progressing favourably at his Melton Mowbray residence.

DERELICT CAR MYSTERY.

Overturned on Bank with Signs of Burning—Licensed This Month.

Descending Polhill, a steep decline six miles from Sevenoaks, early yesterday a motorist saw a car lying, apparently abandoned, about forty yards down a steep bank. Up to late last night no one had claimed it.

By the wheel tracks it looked as if the car was driven over the top of the bank. After running down about thirty yards it struck a small tree, turned at right angles and came to a stop on its side.

The identification plates were numbered A P 3069, and the licence, numbered M 190212, was granted by the London County Council on the sixth of this month.

Upholstery inside the car looked blackened and scorched. The front part of the car was also burned, and the petrol tank was empty.

NO BUS STRIKE.

Companies Withdraw Notice — 2.30 a.m. Announcement to Men.

London busmen numbering between 7,000 and 8,000, assembled in the Albert Hall, heard in the early hours of yesterday morning that the companies had decided to withdraw their notice of a reduction of wages.

The meeting assembled at midnight, and the drivers and conductors listened to their leaders until 2.30 a.m., when the withdrawal of the notice by the companies was announced.

The men rejected the reduction by ballot by a large majority some days ago. At a new conference between employers and leaders yesterday it was agreed that the existing wage agreement is now to continue.

MARCH TO BRIGHTON.

Thirteen Fusiliers Fall Out in All-Night Tramp from London.

Of the Territorial platoon of the 2nd Battalion of the City of London Regiment of the Royal Fusiliers—consisting of one officer and twenty-eight men—who left Westminster on a recruiting march to Brighton on Saturday night, at 10 p.m., in full marching order, one officer and fifteen men reached Brighton at 1.58 p.m. yesterday afternoon. There were four 15-minute halts.

The journey occupied 15½ hours, against the London Scottish time of 13½ hours, and the London Rifle Brigade 14½ hours.

At Brighton the men were welcomed by a great crowd and inspected by the Hon. Colonel Sir Charles Wakefield, and the commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel H. M. Pryce-Jones.

LONDON'S GREAT DAY IN F.A. CUP.

Four Teams Play Way Into the Fourth Round.

£20,000 TIES.

Gay Scenes at Eight Games Watched by 260,000.

Footballing London is jubilant. All four of the metropolitan teams engaged on Saturday in the third round of the F.A. Cup competition were victorious.

London therefore provides four of the eight eleventh left in for the fourth round, the draw for which takes place to-day.

Never before has the metropolis been so strongly represented in the concluding stages of the tournament. Great hopes are entertained, therefore, that the Cup will come South once more.

The total attendance at the eight games on Saturday is estimated at nearly 260,000, and over £22,000 was paid in gate money.

PIERROT MASCOTS.

Unfortunate Supporter of Losers Forfeits Clothes by Bet!

Soccer enthusiasts dominated the sporting situation during the week-end. They and their favours and mascots were encountered wherever a Cup-tie was being decided.

Thousands of Tottenham Hotspur's supporters travelled to Cardiff, and thousands more welcomed the Londoners back from Wales—where they had beaten Cardiff City—with an enthusiasm which a conquering Roman Caesar might have found embarrassing.

Mascots, human and otherwise, are adding more and more to the gaiety of Cup-tie crowds. Charlton Athletic, who gained an amazing victory over West Bromwich, had a pierrot troupe in red and white.

They fox-trotted round the ground to the music of the band, and were then joined by the Albion's mascots, in blue-and-white top hats.

A wild war-dance, unredeemed by Yulu tribes, was duly developed.

At Shepherd's Bush a South Shields mascot, wearing vest and trousers of the club colours, backed his team's chances with his clothes. The bet was taken.

When Queen's Park Rangers won, the mascot was carried bodily into the dressing-room, where, presumably, he was made to pay up!

Excursion trains were run to all the Cup-tie centres, and every one was packed long before the time of starting.

One of—if not quite—the largest of the "gates" was at Cardiff, where there was an attendance of 54,000 for the match against Tottenham.

The Liverpool match with Sheffield United, at Liverpool, attracted 53,359 spectators.

At the Derby County ground, where the home side beat the visitors, of Sheffield, there was a "gate" of 18,400.

COERCION LAW TO GO?

Lord Chancellor's Bill To Scrap Old Statute—Fewer Grand Juries.

If a new Bill, to be introduced by the Lord Chancellor, is passed, the law which presumes wife-coercion will be abolished, and grand juries will no longer be required for certain seasons. With the object of saving expense and delay in trial, and otherwise assisting in bringing offenders to justice, Lord Cave proposes to amend the criminal law and the administration of it.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

To-day's Weather.—London and South-East England: some rain or drizzle probable; mild. Lighting-up time to-day is 6.30 p.m.

The Duke of York has approved a proposal by Dartford to give a dinner to unemployed to celebrate his wedding.

Huge Floods.—Sixty-three miles of agricultural land in Mid-Wales are flooded as the result of recent storms.

Level-Crossing Tragedy.—An unknown man was run over by a train at a Leytonstone level-crossing on Saturday night.

Thirty Hurt in Tram Smash.—In a tram collision at Little twelve people were seriously injured and eight slightly.

Abducted by Hindu.—Richard Doreen (twenty-two), a Hindu, who abducted a girl at Gateshead, was sentenced at Durham Assizes to six months' imprisonment.

Hustling Burglar.—Five burglaries in a single night—including one at the police station—were the admitted achievements of James Smith, who was remanded at Aylesbury.

Baby Killed in Car Crash.—While William Dean, a cripple, of Leigh, was wheeling his baby in a go-cart yesterday a motor-car collided with a lamp-post and crashed into the go-cart, killing the child and severely injuring her father.

ELECTION SENSATION: MINISTER'S DEFEAT LIKELY

Mitcham Voters Dissatisfied with Wobbling Rent Policy of Sir A. Griffith-Boscawen.

INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE'S PLEDGE.

No Decontrol Till Enough Middle-Class Houses Are Built—Nation's Demand Alarms Cabinet.

Every householder in the land—alarmed and anxious over the Government muddling of rent decontrol—is looking to the electors of Mitcham to retrieve a menacing situation.

Mitcham is responding to the call. Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, the seat-seeking Health Minister is threatened with defeat unless a plain and unmistakable pledge is given by him, for and with the Cabinet, that middle-class tenants shall not be placed at the mercy of landlords by the removal of restrictions unless and until enough houses have been built to accommodate them elsewhere at reasonable rents.

Mr. Catterall, the Independent Conservative candidate, is making rent decontrol the main plank in his by-election programme. He stands for the continuance of all control till the housing shortage has been remedied. His clear-cut declaration is winning him the many votes which the Health Minister is losing by the Cabinet policy of wobble.

Meanwhile, in the Commons to-day, a determined effort will be made by M.P.s to extract from the Premier a definite statement of what the Government really do intend to propose in their impending new Rent Bill.

TENANTS' CHAMPION IN COMMONS CHALLENGE TO MITCHAM CONTEST.

Mr. Catterall: "Sufficient Houses Before De-control."

WOMEN RALLYING TO CALL.

From Our Special Correspondent.

MITCHAM (Surrey), Sunday. Mr. Catterall, the Independent Conservative candidate in this momentous by-election, has made a most promising start.

A crowded and enthusiastic meeting at Bandon Hill last night cheered to the echo his frank and outspoken declarations of political faith, and electors of every class are flocking to his standard in surprising numbers.

The official Conservatives are sadly perturbed, and their alarm has been intensified during the week-end by the way in which Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, the seat-hunting Minister of Health, was heckled at his meeting at Gorringe Park.

It was the liveliest gathering of the election. Heckler after heckler tackled Sir Arthur over the Rent Act muddle. Finally the Health Minister sat down in despair, and the meeting broke up in a state of uproar.

For twenty-two years Mr. Catterall resided in the Mitcham constituency. He is not only a fine speaker, but he has the gift of being able to marshal his facts in a way that carries conviction.

TREAT ALL TENANTS ALIKE.

Sir A. Griffith-Boscawen, he told his hearers last night, had been foisted on the division; and the Government are afraid to reveal their intentions on the Rent Act until a seat has been found for the Minister of Health.

The Rent Act and the way in which the Government have wobbled on the subject will be the principal plank in Mr. Catterall's programme. Mitcham, with its 32,000 electors, is, to a great extent, a middle-class constituency, and the housing problem affects it deeply.

"I am entirely opposed to Sir A. Griffith-Boscawen on the question of housing control," Mr. Catterall told me.

"Sir Arthur," he added, "wants to remove rent control. I do not. Once control goes, we shall be dependent on the whim of a landlord before we can live in a house in the country for which most of us fought."

"Then, too, why differentiate between different classes of the community? So far as the Rent Act is concerned, everybody, in my opinion, should be treated alike."

THE RIGHT POLICY.

"Reckless decontrol," added Mr. Catterall, "would mean an exorbitant rise in rents, and against this the electors must be protected."

On other vital political questions of the hour, the Independent Conservative candidate also has most pronounced views.

"We ought," he declared to me, "to clear out of Mesopotamia and Palestine at once, bag and baggage. As to the Ruhr occupation, we must stand by France."

Economy is another of Mr. Catterall's watch words and this should appeal particularly to the women electors, a large number of whom have already offered him their services as canvassers.

It is a big task which Mr. Catterall has undertaken, but that does not dismay him in the least. He is a splendid fighter and full of confidence.

He wants, however, all the help he can get, and the services of canvassers—particularly women—will be welcome.

M.P.s Determined to Know Rent Bill Intentions.

CABINET'S SUDDEN MEETING.

By Our Lobby Correspondent.

The whole country awaits with the keenest anxiety a clear statement from the Prime Minister to-day on the Cabinet's rent decontrol policy.

At question time in the Commons Mr. Pringle will ask Mr. Bonar Law this direct and simple question:—

What class of houses does the Government propose to de-control in June, 1924, and will the de-control of these houses take effect unconditionally, or will it be dependent on whether the shortage of such houses has come to an end?

Failing a satisfactory reply, Mr. Pringle will initiate a debate on the whole question at the earliest possible moment.

The Government have become alarmed at the universal uneasiness caused by the conflicting statements of Ministers as to their intentions on a matter which vitally concerns nearly every home in the land.

THINKING AGAIN.

This is emphasised by the fact that there was a hastily-summoned meeting of the Cabinet on Saturday—a most unusual day—to reconsider the whole problem.

It is doubly significant that the meeting took place within twenty-four hours of the appearance of a rival Conservative candidate to the Minister of Health at Mitcham.

According to the latest pronouncement of Ministers, their attitude is as follows:—

Mr. Bonar Law—Pledged to postpone decontrol till June, 1924. That, of course, is not the same thing as a pledge that decontrol shall begin next year.

Sir A. Griffith-Boscawen—Promised that decontrol of the first two grades of houses (standard pre-war rental of over £25 in London and £25 in the provinces) shall begin next year only if enough houses have been built in the meantime.

ENOUGH HOUSES FIRST.

Unless the Government dissipate the fog of confusion and uncertainty which their conflicting statements created and speed up building, the house famine will be as acute next year as it is now.

Decontrol before a sufficient supply of housing accommodation has been provided would, on countless cases, mean notice to quit, the raising of rents, and all the troubles associated with insecure tenancy.

It is not surprising, therefore, that members of all parties, overwhelmed as many of them are with almost frantic appeals from their constituents are anxious to have a clear and categorical statement from the Prime Minister as to the intentions of the Government.

The new Bill is believed to be in draft, but there is a shrewd suspicion that the Government will not disclose the chief proposals until after the by-elections in Mitcham and Wilsden.

BURGLARS LEAVE JEWELLERY.

Malicious damage to furniture was done by burglars at a residence at Esbark, Dalketh, while the house was temporarily unoccupied.

The thieves took £13, but jewellery and other valuables were strewn about but unaccountably left behind.



Princess Mafalda, second daughter of the King and Queen of Italy, and the Crown Prince of Belgium, whose betrothal is considered likely, according to reports from Rome.

BELGIAN CROWN PRINCE TO BE MARRIED?

Reported Imminent Betrothal to Italian Princess.

KING'S SECOND DAUGHTER.

Telegrams from Rome, says an Exchange message from Paris, report that in diplomatic and Court circles in the Italian capital there is considerable talk of the forthcoming betrothal of Princess Mafalda, second daughter of the King and Queen, with the Crown Prince of Belgium, Prince Leopold, Duke of Brabant, was twenty-one last November.

For some time last year there were persistent and, apparently, authoritative rumours that he was to become engaged to Princess Yolanda, the eldest daughter of the King of Italy.

Her engagement, however, to an Italian count and captain of cavalry was recently announced. Prince Leopold was educated for some time in England, and has long been associated with the Belgian Army, which he joined as an ordinary soldier when he was fourteen, and but recently took his commission.

Princess Mafalda was born in 1902. It was at one time thought that she would marry the Rumanian Crown Prince.

FATE OF ST. PAUL'S.

Can Anything Arrest the Steady Process of Decay?

Preaching in St. Paul's yesterday, the 200th anniversary of Sir Christopher Wren's death, Canon Alexander said that it might be safely said that circumstances over which Wren had little or no control produced the troubles which they were now seeking to remedy.

It need not surprise them if it took them as long to preserve as it did their fathers to build; and, if so, some twenty-five years might yet have to run before their present work was completed.

One of the most eminent of our architects had told him that St. Paul's exhibited all the symptoms of a building in a condition of steady decay. Whether this process could be arrested so that, after another two hundred years, Wren's dome would still be standing they did not know.

GIRL'S REBEL DISPATCHES.

Irish Station Burned Down—Ulster Objects to Customs Barrier.

Important Republican dispatches have been found on a Tipperary woman visiting Donegal, who has been conveyed to Mountjoy Gaol.

The railway station at Carrigrohilly, Co. Cork, was destroyed by fire on Saturday night. Troops assisted to prevent the flames from spreading, and saved the goods store. An all night search for the incendiaries proved fruitless.

That by its decision to set up a Customs barrier along the Ulster frontier, the Free State is sowing trouble for Southern Irish trade is the general opinion in Belfast business circles, where it is pointed out that tariff reprisals by Ulster would damage the South much more than the proposed barrier will damage the North.

Already the Dublin authorities have issued a preliminary notice on the barrier which will be enforced as from April 1.

TURKS AGAINST TREATY.

Hostile Majority at Angora with Army Support.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sunday.

The Turkish papers publish dispatches from Angora announcing that a majority of the National Assembly, supported by the military, demand the rejection of the Lausanne Peace Treaty. The extremists are gaining ground.—Exchange.

The Chicago Tribune's Constantinople correspondent (quoted by Reuter) telegraphs that a French destroyer has struck a rock five miles south of Mitylene, and that British, French and American warships have gone to her assistance. She is reported to be drifting.

It has been confirmed by the French Ministry of Marine that the destroyer in question is the Heva. No casualties are reported.

NEW BERLIN CABINET TO SEEK RUHR PEACE?

Cuno May Resign—Search for Mediator.

ALLIES' TERMS.

Germany's Finance Must Be Submitted to Control.

Germany's realisation that France is winning in the Ruhr, and her anxiety to find a mediator to negotiate with France and Belgium, were made increasingly apparent by news received during the week-end.

Berlin wishes to avoid the "climb-down" involved in making the first overtures to the Allies, but these manoeuvres have very little prospect of success.

According to a high Belgian political personage, interviewed by the Brussels correspondent of the *Oucre*, the Belgian Government are determined that the first move must come direct from Berlin.

Based on what terms the French and Belgians would evacuate the Ruhr, the personage replied (says Reuter) they would insist that Germany should reform her finances and accept the control of the Guarantee Committee or some other inter-Allied body.

MORATORIUM PLAN.

Germany would be granted a moratorium with respect to special payments.

French and Belgian troops would be withdrawn from the Ruhr pari passu as Germany made her deliveries.

A telegram from Frankfurt to the *Journal des Debats* states that Germany's desire is for mediation by a neutral, and the name of Dr. Van Kamebeek, the Dutch Foreign Minister, has been suggested.

There is some talk lately also of a change of Government. Prince Max of Baden and Dr. Wirth are spoken of as possible successors to Dr. Cuno.

M. Poincaré made a statement upon the French action in the Ruhr to the Senate on Saturday.

He announced (says Reuter) that a Yellow Book, containing all the minutes of the recent Conferences in London and Paris, was to be issued on February 22, simultaneously in London, Paris and Rome.

12,000,000 MARKS CAPTURE.

Curfew Enforced in the Amusement Quarter of Bochum.

The fine of 100,000,000 marks imposed on the town of Gelsenkirchen having been paid, the French troops have left that town, says the Central News. The report, current in Eberfeld, that the zone of occupation would be extended shortly is incorrect.

A Dusseldorf message confirms the report that the French have left 12,000,000 marks, which had been sent out from the Reichsbank to pay the Ruhr strikers.

According to Reuter, the administration of the local branch of the Reichsbank asserts that part of this money was intended for the use of the British Army, being the usual weekly consignment.

As a result of the disturbance which took place in the town the amusement quarter has been isolated and no one is allowed in the streets in that part of the town from 8 p.m. to 6 a.m.

More than 2,000 tons of coal are arriving daily at Stresburg by the way of France.

Over 400 trucks of foodstuffs entered the Ruhr on Friday, while sixty-three left. Sixteen coal trains left for Italy, Switzerland and Holland.

Forty thousand tons of coal have been amassed at Wedau during the past fortnight.

FAMOUS CORNISH STONE.

Industry That Is Flourishing Through Work for Unemployed.

Penru stone quarries, near Newlyn, Cornwall, are just now very busy, for many road schemes are being put in hand throughout the country to relieve the unemployed, and there is an ever-increasing demand for the famous Penru stone—the hardest in the country.

Up-to-date methods are used to get the stone, but, although every precaution is taken against accident, the nature of the work is certainly dangerous.

Men may be seen at work on the perpendicular face of the quarry, some 180ft. high, suspended on ropes made fast at the top of the cliff.

Blasting is, of course, the chief means of breaking out the stone. The boring machines are driven by compressed air, but even with the latest devices it is slow work to hole this iron-like stone.

TRUCE IN POLISH BORDER WAR.

A truce has been declared by the Poles and Lithuanians (who have been involved in frontier fighting), a Vienna despatch, forwarded by Reuter states. It was agreed that during negotiations no advances should be made by frontier guards.

WELL TOGETHER OVER THE GATE

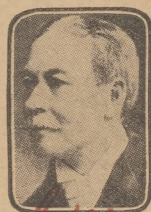


Competitors in the Southern Counties' cross-country team race jumping and vaulting a five-barred gate. Surrey were the winners. Inset, Lance-Corporal Cotterell (right), who was first home, and A. H. Dare, second.

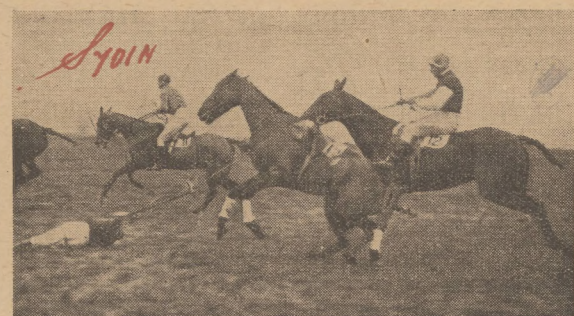
BONZO AT THE DANCE



Miss Hilda Cowham (left) and Miss McLaren, each with a replica of Bonzo, the famous Studdy pup, at the London Sketch Club's dance at the Great Central Hotel. —(Daily Mirror photograph.)



The Rev. Robert McArthur, President of the World Baptist Alliance, whose death at Daytona, Florida, is announced.



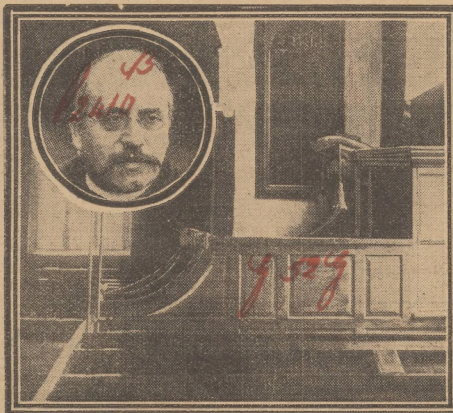
JOCKEY AND BRIDLE GONE!—Leighlin Bridge loses his jockey and his bridle at the same time in the Portlane Steeplechase at Kempton Park on Saturday. Southern Lass was an easy winner.



HUNTING MARCHIONESS.—The Marchioness Camden, a keen huntswoman, at the meet of the Eridge Hunt at Crowborough.



JOURNALIST'S DAUGHTER WEDS.—A laughing bride being lifted over the mud—Miss Gwendolen Moss, daughter of Mr. P. J. Moss, Sporting Editor of The Daily Mirror, after her wedding to Mr. George Setford, late K.R.R. (second from left).



VICAR AND APPARITIONS.—The triple pulpit at Weston Church, Yorkshire, and (inset) the vicar, the Rev. C. I. Tweedale, who says that apparitions have appeared at his vicarage, especially that of his aunt with her dog.

PETER JONES

SLOANE SQUARE, S.W. 1

Established in 1878.

The Best Value
in London, and
The Most Oblig-
ing Staff.

Open till 6.30 p.m.
1 p.m. Saturdays.



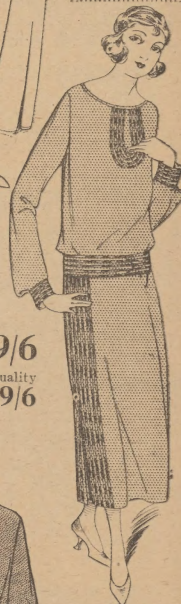
Marocains in Silk
or Wool
Repps are the
acclaimed mate-
rials for the new
Season, and in
these mode's, cut
on the correct
Paris lines, full
expression is given
to the charm of
these materials.

"YVETTE."

Very graceful Gown
in good quality Silk
Marocain, the
gatherings at low
waist line forming
new draperies. Sand,
Mole, Grey, Havana,
Nigger, Navy,
Black.

Post Free

Also in heavy quality
Crepe de Chine. 79/6
69/6



"SYLVIA."

Attractive House
Frock in fine
quality all-wool
Gabardine,
heavily braided
over contrasting
shade of Crepe
de Chine,
Navy,
Royal,
Navy,
Red, Navy, White, Nigger,
Belge, Nigger, Sienna,
Black, White, Navy,
Post Free. 49/6

ORDERS BY POST

We guarantee to re-
fund cash at once if
any garment fails to
give entire satisfac-
tion and is returned
to us.

"STELLA."

Very graceful Frock in
the new Wool Marocain,
fine tucks forming its
only trimming. Havana,
Mole, Grey, Nigger,
Putty, Navy,
and Black.
Post free. 79/6

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(Immediately opposite Sloane Square Station.)

Buses Nos. 11, 19, 22 and 46.

DICKINS & JONES

500 PIECES STOCKINETTE SUITING

Something new, especially made for the coming season, suitable for Town or Country wear, in beautiful Heather mixtures, also Grey. 54/60ins. wide.

Fabric Week Price, Per Yard

4/11

NAVY REPP.

The new fabric for the season. Very fine superior quality that will tailor into Suits and Coat Frocks and will bear the mark of distinction. 51ins. wide.

Fabric Week Price, Per Yard

9/11

CREPE MARION.

A beautiful soft draping fabric with a rich and lustrous appearance, made from Art silk and wool, eminently suitable for afternoon or evening wear. In Apricot, Tan, Saxe, Cerise, Mushroom and Navy. 40ins. wide.

Fabric Week Price, Per Yard

7/11

DRESS MOROCAIN.

Black only, made from the very finest Botany wool, will make the perfect Afternoon Gown for Spring wear, being light in weight and yet warm. Recommended for its graceful draping effect. 38/40ins. wide.

Fabric Week Price, Per Yard

4/-

MOROCAIN REPP.

The fabric of the Season. Costume weight made from the finest Botany Wool, very fine clear rib and very tight weave, specially adaptable for the new three-piece suit. In Beige, Stone, Mid Brown, Steel, Bay-r, Navy, Tan, Mushroom and Black. 50ins. wide.

Fabric Week Price, Per Yard

12/6

SILK & WOOL REPP.

20 pieces only, beautiful soft draping fabric with a rich silk appearance in shades of Mid Brown, Saxe, Mid Grey, Navy and Black. 40ins. wide.

Fabric Week Price, Per Yard

3/9

GABARDINE.

Purest Superfine Gabardine, very clear, fine and distinct rib, made only from the very finest Botany Wool, a gabardine that will tailor perfectly into the new three-piece Suit and Coat Frocks. In a grand range of new season's colourings, Tan, Medium Brown, Mushroom, Sand, Beige, Grey, Russian Blue, Fawn, Nigger, Navy and Black. 54/60ins. wide.

Fabric Week Price, Per Yard

7/11

SAXONY SUITING.

In mannish designs, as illustration below, very smart wear for the new Spring Suits, a suiting that we guarantee will give every satisfaction in wear. 54/60ins. wide.

Fabric Week Price, Per Yard

5/11

1000 YDS. SAXONY SUITING

You are invited to write or call for full particulars and instructions of DICKINS & JONES' Great Knitting Contest. Many valuable cash prizes are offered for the best examples of knitted and crocheted garments, and without doubt this Competition is proving one of the most popular ever organised.



The supreme values offered by this house have added many new adherents to the thousands of discriminating ladies who have proved the advantages of shopping at DICKINS & JONES. To those who, as yet, are unacquainted with DICKINS & JONES' wonderful shopping experience, this Special Fabric Week will provide a ready introduction.

STOCK OF WASHING CREPE

In elegant designs (as sketch), beautifully blended and coloured, including the cross-hatched patterns, ideal for ladies' and children's dresses, blouses and jumpers. 38/40ins. wide.

Fabric Week Price, Per Yard

1/6 1/2

NOVELTY RATINE.

White ground, with neat contrasting stripe two inches apart. A smart novelty without daring effects. Highly recommended for its washing and wearing qualities. A limited quantity only. 40ins. wide.

Fabric Week Price, Per Yard

2/-

WASHING ZEPHYR.

In neat overchecks and stripes, beautifully blended colourings, ideal for ladies' and children's Washing Frocks. 38/40ins. wide.

Fabric Week Price, Per Yard

1/6 1/2

NUNSVEILING.

20 pieces Cream Nunsveiling, made from the very finest Botany Wool, ideal for ladies' and children's night-wear. 40ins. wide.

Fabric Week Price, Per Yard

3/-

FRENCH RATINE.

Washes perfectly, requires no laundering, ideal for river, tennis, and all sports wear. In shades of Lemon, Sky, Shrimp, Delphinium Blue, Helio, Tan and White. 40ins. wide.

Fabric Week Price, Per Yard

2/-

MOROCAIN CREPE.

Heavy quality made from the finest Egyptian cotton in shades of Sky, Lemon, Shrimp, Saxe, Helio, Tan, Wheat and White. 38/40ins. wide.

Fabric Week Price, Per Yard

2/-

FINE LONGCLOTH.

A fortunate purchase has put us in possession of a stock of superfine quality Snow-White Longcloth (36ins. wide). To make a special attraction we are offering this stock at the Special Fabric Week Price of, Per Yard

In pieces of 12yds, 18-, carriage paid.

1/6 1/2

NAINSOOK.

It is sound economy to buy a length of this superfine Nainsook for "making-up" into Summer Linen. Of the finest quality—as soft as silk and snowy white. 38ins. wide.

Special Fabric Week Price for Dozen Carriage paid.

12/6

FINE COTTON REPP.

Made from the finest Egyptian cotton on Ivory grounds, with ultra-smart stripe of Black, Saxe, Rose, Lemon, Helio, or Navy. Will make the perfect shirt blouse or dress that will give every satisfaction in wear. 38/40ins. wide.

Fabric Week Price, Per Yard

2/6

THE NEW COTTON REPP

Fabric Week

THE New Season's Stocks of Silks and Fabrics are now at hand and the richness of the textures is only rivalled by the beauty of the colourings. The woman of taste, the connoisseur, the discriminating shopper—all will be charmed by the comprehensiveness of DICKINS & JONES' new ranges. Comparison of the examples quoted in this announcement will at once prove the advantages of buying now.

SUPREME SILK VALUES

CREPE DE CHINE.

Crepe de Chine, a new standard quality, just delivered in a new range of lovely colours, including Pink, Sky, Champagne, Green, Walnut, Fawn, Fraise, Pearl, Saxe, Old Gold, Orange, Almond Green, Brown, Nigger, Navy, Black and Ivory. Super value, 39/40ins. wide.

Fabric Week Price, Per Yard

7/11

SATIN ORIENTAL.

All Silk, rich quality soft draping Satin with bright surface, new colours suitable for day or evening wear, also in Ivory and Black. 27ins. wide.

Fabric Week Price, Per Yard

6/11

JAPANESE SILK.

3,500 yards "Ivory" Japanese Silk nice medium weight suitable for Linings, Lingeries, etc. 36ins. wide.

Fabric Week Price, Per Yard

3/11 1/2

COLOURED JAP SILK.

In new art colours, suitable for Lampshades, Furnishings, Draperies, Linings, Casements, etc. In good medium quality. 27ins. wide.

Fabric Week Price, Per Yard

2/11 1/2

SILK FOULARDS.

New Foulards in wonderful designs and exclusive colourings. We have just received our New Season's deliveries and are now ready with a fine collection of these lovely Silks. 38-39ins. wide.

Fabric Week Price, Per Yard

6/11

THE "FERSTRONG" FABRICS

An outstanding feature of Dickins and Jones' Fabric Week is the wonderful display of the popular "Ferstrong" Fabrics. If you cannot inspect them in person you should write for patterns without delay.

"FERSTRONG" WHITE CAMBRIC.

198 quality. The ideal fabric for ladies' and children's summer underwear. 40ins. wide.

Price, Per Yard

2/6

"FERSTRONG" HALYCON.

Quality dyed Cambric. Obtainable in White, Cream, Sky, Lemon, Pink, Helio, Navy and Black. 40ins. wide.

Price, Per Yard

2/11 1/2

CREPE-DE-FERSTRONG.

247 quality. In excellent shades of Sky, Lemon, Pink, Helio, Navy and Black. Also in Cream and White. 39ins. wide.

Price, Per Yard

3/6

Ask to see the new Printed Ferstrong, in the latest Parisian designs, beautifully blended and coloured. Obtainable in our New Cotton Dress Dept. (Ground Floor), 40ins. wide.

Price per Yard

3/11

WRITE NOW FOR FREE PATTERNS

Those who live at too great a distance to visit Dickins & Jones should write to-day for free patterns of any of the materials here quoted. These will be sent free by return.

DICKINS & JONES, LTD.,

REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1923.

STILL NO POLICY!

NEW efforts will be made in the House of Commons this week to get the Government to define its housing policy.

Other, possibly less polite, efforts will be made at Mitcham, where Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, the politically homeless Health Minister, is engaged in one of the queerest quadrangular contests ever known in a by-election.

Sir Arthur's forlorn position ought certainly to enable him to sympathise with the sufferings of the homeless.

But he is terribly hampered, as regards the manifestation of his sympathy, by the ambiguity of orders received from G.H.Q.

The Cabinet obviously doesn't know where it stands in regard to rents and decontrol. We hear that it is divided in counsel. Anyhow, Mr. Bonar Law has told the House of Commons that the Onslow Report is "still under consideration."

At first, it seemed that the Report was to be accepted as it stood. It was severely unfavourable to the policy of rent restriction. It was opposed to control. And so apparently was the Minister of Health. "Rent restriction must go," he announced, "at an early date."

This was at least intelligible.

But it wasn't very pleasant for middle-class people (like those at Mitcham) who saw themselves possibly evicted at short notice.

If Sir Arthur was going to make them homeless, they had it in their power to keep him seatless. The threat probably induced the evicted Minister to talk (a week later) about a nebulous "transitional period" during which rent restriction should not "go at an early date," but continue "for two or two and a half years."

Perhaps somebody behind the scenes—perhaps somebody with an eye on landlords—objected to this mitigation of the original threat, for, a few days later, behold, Sir Arthur began to talk about June, 1924, and "higher categories" then to "come out of the Act."

That set Mitcham questioning again, and again came reassurance from Sir Arthur. He now protests that all "rests with the builders." Once again he talks about the policy of decontrol being impossible "unless sufficient houses have been built by the summer of 1924."

Since Mitcham began to worry, he has said at least four things. There are also four candidates at Mitcham. Were we not right in calling it a quadrangular fight? Shall we not be right also in predicting a poor chance for a Government and a Minister who cannot make up their minds?

INDEPENDENT WIVES.

HAVE you ever heard of a man who married a woman for her money?

Such things have been known, and it is also on record that nicer men have married women in spite of their money. They didn't want it. But it happened to be there. So they took the girl and the income together.

These men are surely not to be blamed. Indeed, they are accounted lucky fellows. "His wife has money of her own." Nobody objects.

And yet it appears, from our correspondence column, that many men, even in these difficult days, are shamefaced about allowing their wives to be wage-earners.

"You mustn't derive any benefit," they seem to say, "from a woman's earnings—only from her investments."

It hardly seems to be a very "modern" point of view. And one does not see why a husband should be any more humiliated by relying upon his wife's wages than upon her war loan. Both sources of income make her economically independent of him. And that we fear is what some husbands dislike.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

In the Ruhr—The Housing Muddle—Wage-earning Wives—Town and Country Life—Sad-faced Dancers.

THE GERMAN MAGNATES.

ANY people in this country fail to realise that the German people are under a real tyranny—the tyranny of the magnates who are fighting the just French claims.

They have just passed a Bill that gives them summary powers over the German nation. Why do they need to do this (as some maintain) the German people are with them? A. L. W. Hammersmith.

WAGE-EARNING WIVES.

AT one time I would have scorned, not only the idea of marrying a salaried wife, but even of marrying where money was.

Reflection has changed my mind. I and several of my friends will in all probability be in sound positions in, say, five years.

WHERE DO WE STAND?

WHEN will this terrible uncertainty about houses end?

None of us can make our plans or adjust our Budgets until we know what the Government intend to do. Tenants are kept in uncertainty. Landlords do not know where they stand. Buildings and contractors are waiting—till they see.

Surely a Government without a policy is not one that can hope to settle a problem that is one of the great grievances of the day.

A MIDDLE-CLASS TENANT.

FOR WHOM DO THEY DRESS?

I LEARN from your paper that Mr. Justice McCardie, in spite of his high position and worldly experience, has not yet discovered

MODERN AMUSEMENTS AND ANXIOUS FACES.

IT WAS EASY ENOUGH FOR CLARA TO SMILE WHILE PLAYING AT CROQUET (WITH ONE EYE ON THE CAPTAIN)



AND FOR LOUISA INDULGING IN SMALL TALK BETWEEN THE ACTS OF "DUNDREARY"



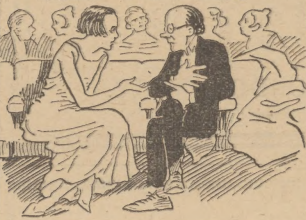
FOR DAPHNE, CONTESTING A HOT SINGLE,



AND FOR FANNY HOPPING ROUND IN SIMPLE TROIS-TEMPS



BUT FOR VIOLA DISCUSSING "THE SEWAGE SEEKERS" IN THE INTERVALS



AND FOR IRIS, DEEP IN SUPER-SYNCOPIATION,



Critics of dancing complain that the performers look depressed. Perhaps modern recreations demand too much anxious concentration?

time—five years, which must be spent in the loneliness of lodgings!

We could meet wage-earning wives halfway now and set up true partnerships, but we certainly cannot "buy the girls up" any more than we can afford to get both suits and underclothes this spring.

The dependent wife must look to her husband for every requirement.

I profess no knowledge of feminine psychology, but I can readily imagine such conditions being repugnant to a high-spirited girl. F. B.

MYSTERY HOUSES.

PERHAPS some of the alleged "mystery" houses are "fakes," as many ghosts are really practical jokes.

None the less, I firmly believe in the mystery "atmosphere" of certain old houses. Some of them have an evil atmosphere, due perhaps to the evil done in them long ago.

Has none of your readers ever felt this sinister sensation on entering a "haunted" house? I know people who have been driven out of a house by its queer uncanny associations.

Lewes, Sussex.

NOT SUPERSTITIOUS.

THREATENED WREN CHURCHES.

THE Bishop of London has been trying to explain that he means no harm to the Wren churches threatened with destruction.

One of the finest of these, externally, is St. Vedast's, Foster-lane.

Is it, or is it not, true that this Church is marked down for destruction? ARCHITECT, Southampton-row, W.C.

whether women dress to please men or to please women.

If he makes this statement in good faith and is desirous of enlightenment, I hasten to inform him that the weaker sex dress solely to make other women jealous, and that by so doing they themselves are the only ones pleased.

GERALD PITT.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

COUNTRY life is still very different from town life—if you know where to find the "real" country.

I know of Sussex villages still remote from the strain of modern life. Further off, in Scotland especially, the old rural traditions linger. And I think this life is more wholesome than that of cities. E. M.

DISMAL DANCERS.

THE reason why modern dancers look serious can be found in modern dances.

These ugly and inelegant gyrations cannot give the same pleasure, either to onlooker or dancer, as the stately dances of fifty years ago.

DANCE.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It may be a good thing to be in love sometimes, but it is not a good thing to be always talking about it to everybody. It is good to feel real affection, but it is no particular good to have passing fancies for anyone you meet. It is not good to fritter away your power of feeling seriously.—Bishop Creighton.

WIRELESS WONDERS OF THE FUTURE.

HOW TO ENJOY YOUR OWN "LISTENING-IN" SET.

By PROFESSOR A. M. LOW.

We publish to-day the first of a series of articles by Professor Low on the marvellous possibilities of broadcasting.

WHENEVER I am asked to describe "what wireless can do" for modern life I feel that in the future it will be easier to define what it cannot do.

I think that what we have now is indeed not so much a wireless boom as a wireless beginning.

Some people say: "In what way is a wireless set better than a good gramophone?" Obviously, it is "nearer the news!"

No one suggests that because he can purchase magazines once a month there would be nothing to be gained by buying *The Daily Mirror*, and this indicates one of the great advantages of broadcasting.

It is something which does not replace any other comfort or pleasure. It interferes with neither the theatres nor the newspapers, and yet it provides wonderful possibilities for both business, pleasure, and possibly health.

Practically the whole advance of civilisation is due to increase of speed and facility of communication.

We used to be perfectly contented to read of an event a day or even a week after it had happened, but now the only thing that is any use to us is to know it *actually when it happens* in order that we can all be thoroughly up to date.

LEARN ALL ABOUT IT!

I have hopes that before long we shall "overhear" Parliament, the Law Courts, interesting descriptions of scenes from people on board ship as they actually view them, and accounts of important happenings which are taking place all over the world.

This is the kind of broadcasting that will one day be possible.

Let us remember that to-day cheap and simple broadcasting is only rendered practicable by the absence of real secrecy, which is a great fault of modern wireless.

When we can "tune in" with such a degree of accuracy that a thousand different people can carry on intimate conversation at once without the possibility of interference, then—and I do not think this will be very long—shall we be able to get in touch with our friends everywhere without fear.

It is very important that those with receiving sets should realise how much more interesting their hobby will be if they take the trouble to understand it in its simplest form.

Quite a number of people cheerfully purchase a two-valve set, tie one end to the roof and sit down comfortably to listen.

If asked what is happening, their only reply is: "I don't know; but just you listen to it! Isn't it wonderful?"

Attached to every valve receiver, however simple or complicated, anyone will find much instruction and amusement with a home-made crystal receiver.

He or she—why not a woman?—can then compare such details as the purity of speech available from a crystal and a valve set.

The facts can be recorded, and one day, not only will their reading provide amusement of an educational nature, but it may lay the foundation of important discovery.

Next week I will consider the subject especially from the woman's point of view.

Is your life a struggle?

Good looks will make it easier wherever you go and whatever you do.

Pomerooy Day Cream

2/6 A Vase.

At all Chemists and Stores.

Mrs. Pomerooy, Ltd., 29 Old Bond Street, London, W.



Stagg & Mantle Ltd.
Established over 100 Years.

GREAT SALE **UNIQUE OFFERS**
IN
Lace Curtains
D.M. 11.

The 'CLOVELLY,' Handsome Ribbon and Basket design Scotch Lace Curtain, as illustration. In White and Ivory shade, 3yds. long, 50ins. wide.
SALE PRICE 8/11
Per Pair
Usual Price 10/11 per Pr
Postage 9d. per pair.
Two pairs Post Free.

D.M. 12.
The 'IVANHOE.' Superior quality Scotch Lace Curtain, Empire Scroll centre with Ribbon and Rose panel border. In Ivory or White, 60ins. wide, 3yds. long.
SALE PRICE 10/6
Per Pair
Usual price 14/11 per Pr.
3yds. long.
SALE PRICE 12/6
Per Pair
Usual Price 16/11 per Pr.

LEICESTER SQ., LONDON, W.C.2.
(Our Only Address.) Phone : Gerrard 466.

.. An ..
Extraordinary Shoe Sale

15/9

Direct By Post from Factory—Post Free.

THIS extraordinary offer of a 25/- shoe for 15/9 has come about through a big leather merchant's necessity to raise money quickly. He offered us his huge stock at an inclusive price much lower than market rates. We bought it immediately and this remarkable value is the result. The Glace Kid is beautifully soft and of durable substance. Made on our latest London models the style is dainty and attractive. Blocked Patent cap, smart military heel, close ankle and heel-back fitting, solid leather insoles and best solid English leather soles stitched on hand-sewn principle for flexibility. To-day's retail price for this quality is 25/-. Barratts special factory price by post 15/9.

Post Your Order Now Direct to Factory
Sizes : 2, 2½, 3, 3½, 4, 4½, 5, 5½, 6, 6½, 7. Widths : 4 (medium) and 5 (wide). State usual size or send footshape, pencilled outline of your stockinged foot resting with normal pressure on paper. Mention style 2557 and enclose money order or cheque for 15/9. Money returned if you are not satisfied and send shoes back unsoiled. Post your orders now direct to factory.

W. BARRATT & Co., Ltd.
Dept. R., "Footshape" Works, Northampton.

Send 4d. postage for "Social Events of the Year"—Barratts New 1923 page Catalogue of Footshapes, Profusely Illustrated in Colours.

LONDON DEPOSITS:
21 & 22, Cheapside
57, Fenchurch Street
36, Oxford Street
285, High Holborn
84, Southampton Row
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166, Strand

Also Depots at Putney, Croydon, Brighton, Bradford, Birmingham, Leeds, Liverpool, Leicester, Norwich and Swansea.

£300 For PHOTOS

FIRST PRIZE ... £100 THIRD PRIZE ... £25
SECOND PRIZE ... £50 And 25 Prizes of £5... £125

THOUSANDS of beautiful women are wearing **Ciro Pearls** to-day, and as a tribute to their beauty we offer the above Cash Prizes for photos we wish to add to our gallery of admirers of

Ciro Pearls

To compete for these awards send us a photo of yourself wearing **Ciro Pearls**, with one of the coupons we are giving during February, March, and April 1923, to those who purchase **Ciro Pearls**, either by post or from our showrooms.

MISS GLADYS COOPER
MISS PHYLLIS DARE

Judges :

MR. NELSON KEYS
MR. CHARLES P. SISLEY

whose decision must be accepted as final and binding on all competitors. All photos sent in may be re-produced by **Ciro Pearls Ltd.** in advertisements or otherwise as they desire. No one connected in any way with **Ciro Pearls Ltd.** may compete. No correspondence can be entered into regarding the competition.

CLOSING DATE—MAY 1st, 1923. Address all photos to: "Competition Dept.," **Ciro Pearls Ltd.**, 39, Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

Ciro Pearls

add to every woman's charm, enhancing Nature's gift of loveliness as no other gem can. They suit equally the blonde or the brunette, and indeed every style of beauty or shade of complexion. They are appropriate wear on all occasions. Even when worn side by side with genuine pearls the keenest judges cannot tell one from the other, for every detail of lustre, colouring, texture, and shape is reproduced with such remarkable fidelity. They represent pearl supremacy, and have never been successfully imitated.

As the Editor of "TRUTH" says: "They are as wonderful in their way as the product of the oyster-shell itself and just as beautiful."

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

Wear a Necklace of **Ciro Pearls** for fifteen days without cost.

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a necklace of **Ciro Pearls**, 16 ins. long, with gold clasp in dainty box, or any other **Ciro Pearl** jewel in hand-made settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money.

We will gladly send you on request, post free, our Illustrated Pearl Booklet No. 24.

Ciro Pearls Ltd.
39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dept 24

New City Branch : 44, Cheapside, E.C.2.





A new portrait of the Marchioness Townshend, who is an authoress and playwright.



Miss Theodora Windle, whose engagement to Mr. Charles Beay, late of the Buffs, is announced.

"BOSCY" TO GO?

Sketch Club Ball—Kensington Palace Decorations—Prince's Easy Week.

Mr. J. T. CATERALL has made a deep impression upon political opinion in the brief space he has been before the constituency as Independent Conservative candidate. Indeed, the chances of Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen's election appear to have faded away altogether. If the Minister of Health is defeated, as is expected, a political crisis will arise, and what prestige the Government enjoyed immediately after the General Election is well-nigh spent.

No Use for "Nirvana."

The Government's vacillation in the pursuit of "tranquillity" will in all probability bring it to the ground. Its "wobble, wobble, wobble," on housing has so incensed the Mitcham electors, who in ordinary circumstances would be faithful supporters, that Mr. Caterall will be heavily backed by Conservative votes on polling day. He will have, too, the enthusiastic backing of moderate opinion alienated by the Government's "sit on the fence" policy regarding the Ruhr, Mesopotamia, Palestine, housing, and so on. I remember the late Coalition being described as "invertebrate" by Lord Birkenhead.

Women Electors Angry.

I feel sure that a very large part of the women's vote will go solidly to Mr. Caterall, who has clear and decisive views on housing and cognate questions. Women electors have been baffled and made angry by the day-to-day contradictions in the Cabinet's declarations on decontrol of houses, and will on no account vote for the official candidate. I am not surprised. Women should rally to the help of Mr. Caterall. They can give invaluable help.

Ministerial Changes.

If, as I have said, Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen is beaten at Mitcham, he will tender his resignation to the Prime Minister. Probably Colonel Leslie Wilson, the popular Chief Whip, would be invited to become Minister for Health, Colonel George Gibbs succeeding Colonel Wilson in his present office. Colonel Gibbs, who is Lord Long's son-in-law, has been attached to the Whips' Office since 1917, and is eminently qualified to fill the post.

Ibanez.

I hear that Vincente Blasco Ibanez, the author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," has written a new novel entitled "La Tierra de Todos." It is now being translated into English, and will be first published serially. Later it will be issued in book form. Already in Spain the new romance has met with a remarkable reception, something like 40,000 copies having been sold. The story is based on the author's experience in Patagonia.

Decorations.

The quiet courts of Kensington Palace respond to the sound of the workmen's voices, for the late Duchess of Albany's apartments are being thoroughly done up in readiness for the Earl and Countess of Athlone on their return from the Riviera. Although the rooms are of a fair size, the corridors and stairs are very narrow and the entrance is insignificant.

Tasteful.

As in the case of all the palaces, the decorations and doors are more substantial than beautiful, but the taste of the Countess of Athlone is doing its best to brighten things up, and gay-coloured paintwork will be found in nearly every room.



Countess of Athlone.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

Naval At Homes.

The new hostess at Admiralty House is determined to do her best to become acquainted with naval officers and their wives, and with that view Mrs. Amery, the wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty, is holding informal little At Homes there every Wednesday afternoon. It is an excellent plan, which is much appreciated.

Prince's Easy Week.

The Prince of Wales has quite a busy week in front of him, and will be seen in London on more than one occasion. On Wednesday, for instance, as president of the Hunters' Improvement and National Light Horse Breeding Society, he will take the chair at their annual meeting, and he is also giving a challenge cup for competition at their spring show. Later in the week he will show his interest in a new industry by presiding at the annual meeting of the Empire Forestry Association.

"Radiofans."

Of course, it had to come. With the wireless boom came the task of selecting a "snappy" designation for the myriads of listeners-in. Our American friends have done so already, and call them "radiofans."

Plus Fours Minus Jacket.

The London Sketch Club Ball at the Wharfedale Rooms was a very cheery affair, and some extraordinary costumes were worn. Harry Rountree, the president of the club, was working at his studio almost until the dance started, and arrived in a makeshift attire, a combination of naval uniform and plus fours. Lord Robert Innes-Ker enjoyed the distinction of being the sole wearer of evening dress.



Mr. Harry Rountree.

A "Hunt" Ball.

That popular Bohemian, George Parfhy, was master of the revels, which included a hunt by George Studley's "hounds." The band had six hours' playing, and during their well-earned interval a barrel-organ was introduced into the ball-room as a deputy. I thought the best costume that of a *Chauve Souris* Wooden Soldier.

This Week's Anniversaries.

Besides the Wren bi-centenary commemorations, this week will also see the celebration of two other interesting anniversaries. Both these take place to-morrow. One is the jubilee of the Association of Municipal Corporations, which was founded at a meeting held at the Westminster Palace Hotel on February 27, 1873; and the second, the centenary celebrations in Paris of the birth of Ernest Renan, the famous French author.

Popular in Paris.

Apart from the political point of view, Lord Crewe promises to be a popular man in Paris. His love of literature will bring him into touch with many people to whom the British Ambassador was only a name, and Lord Crewe also possesses an old-fashioned courtly manner which is much appreciated by our Allies.

Confusion by Names.

It will be rather a relief when Sir Owen Phillips becomes known as Lord Kylest, for he has so many brothers, all knights of baronets, that there are ever so many Lady Philipases, and confusion is continually occurring. Moreover, how often have they been annoyed by the different ways their surname has been spelt?

Tram Conductors de Luxe.

A friend said to me yesterday, "Are tram conductors attending evening classes, or are a number of distinguished gentlemen taking up the ticket punching business owing to lack of more congenial employment?" According to him, a tram conductor took his shilling the other day and, turning to the other passengers, lectured them as follows: "Ladies, gentlemen and children under fourteen," he said, "this is a specific instance of procreation on the part of passengers. If everyone troubled to produce the exact fare it would facilitate considerably the collection of fares and the distribution of tickets."

Ambassador's Leave.

I hear that for health reasons Sir Auckland Geddes, our Ambassador at Washington, is coming to England for a short leave. He will seize the opportunity of consulting with the Government on the state of American opinion with regard to European affairs generally.

Our New Serial.

Do not miss the opening chapters of our new serial, "The Mystery Husband," which appears on page 15 to-day. It is a story concerning the problem of married happiness, by the distinguished Mr. A. J. Russell. Mr. Russell has had a varied career, and was once chosen as literary adviser to Mme. Tétrazini, the singer.

Talent for Drawing.

Captain and Mrs. Trefusis—who is Mrs. Keppel's eldest daughter—are taking a house just outside Paris, which they are busy furnishing. Mrs. Trefusis is very artistic, and has a great talent for drawing. She likes the Bohemian atmosphere of Paris.

Persecuting the Motorist.

Brighton is making a furious attack upon motorists, and now we are told that any man driving into Brighton at a greater speed than twenty miles an hour may lose his licence. This seems a most arbitrary decree, and is not likely to add to the town's popularity. Motorists leave a great deal of money in Brighton.

"Polly" Parties.

"Polly" parties are, I gather, becoming the vogue. Few women who have once seen the delightful costumes at the Kingsway Theatre can resist the temptation of appearing in these lovely and becoming dresses whenever an opportunity arises. I looked in at "Polly" the other night and found a most enthusiastic and crowded house.

From My Diary.

The higher we soar the smaller we appear to those who cannot fly.—Nietzsche.



Miss Nina Oldfield, who has written "Just My Fancy."



Miss Marie Ellis, who is playing on tour in "The Cabaret Girl."

Roads at the Lakes.

I am glad to see that the promoters of the proposed road over Wrynose and Hard Knott passes, in the Lake District, refuse to allow themselves to be browbeaten into withdrawal. The truth is that the little groups of people who meet annually at Wastdale Head, Mardale, and other remote corners in this delightful region, seem to regard the Cumberland mountains as their own peculiar possession. If the Romans had a good road over Hard Knott, why shouldn't we?

Australian Dried Fruit.

I am told that Mr. Lawson, who is now in London on a business visit, is anxious to obtain not only a loan for Australia, but also preference for the Australian dried fruit. But I am also told that there is, without any preference, a market in England for far more dried fruit than Australia is at present able to supply. Australian dried fruit is of exceptionally good quality and it should have a great future before it.

Judging for Themselves.

Sir John Martin-Harvey's season at the Garrick finished on Saturday evening, when "The Burgomaster of Stilemonde" was played to a crowded audience. During a conversation with Sir John after the performance he alluded to the criticisms of "Via Crucis." "At all events," he says, "you can see for yourself that the provinces do not seem to have taken much notice of them. I've just received a telegram from Newcastle, where I open on Monday. It says 'advance booking for week £750.'"

THE RAMBLER.



Women who use Pond's

The Dancing Girl

The dancing girl is especially particular about her appearance, and therefore always uses the two purest creams to promote the health of her skin and the beauty of her complexion.

POND'S Cold Cream should be gently massaged into the skin of the face, neck, arms and hands each night before retiring. All through the night the cream cleanses the pores by supplementing the natural oil of the skin, so making the skin soft and supple, removing all roughness and preventing chaps and chills and the formation of wrinkles.

POND'S Vanishing Cream used as a day cream, imparts to the skin a delicate bloom and protects it against the effects of temperature extremes.

Use these two Creams *re-utary*—the one to cleanse the skin and keep it supple, the other to freshen and protect the complexion. Every normal skin needs two creams—each with its special purpose—each cream made on an entirely different basis, for no one cream can serve such widely differing needs. . . . Pond's Creams do not promote the growth of hair.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

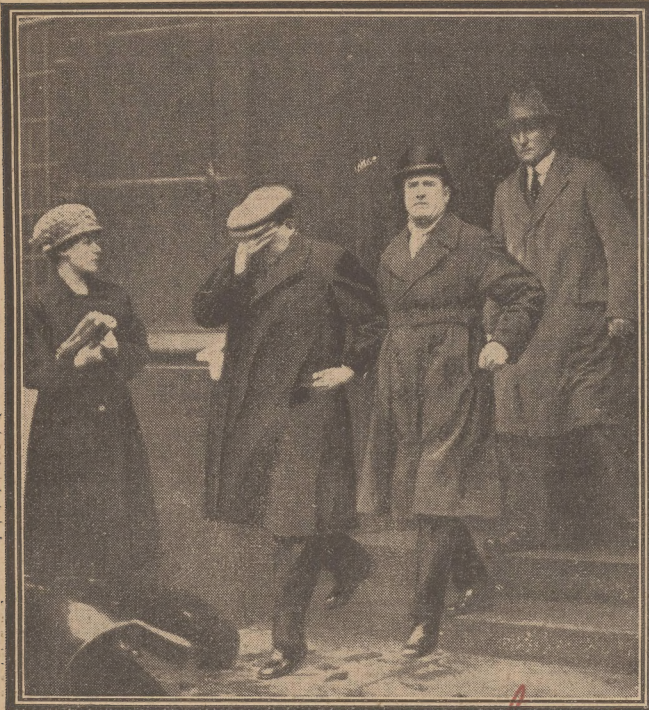
Both Creams of all chemists and stores in hand one and jars 1/3 and 2/6; also collapsible tubes 7d. (handy size) and 1/-.

Pond's Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream

POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 20), 71, Southampton Row, LONDON, W.C.1.



TWO ARRESTS MADE BY POLICE



Alf White (hand to face) and George Drake (bowler hat), arrested in connection with inquiries into an alleged attempt to bribe prison officials at Maidstone Gaol, where recently-sentenced members of the Sabini gang are housed.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



A welcome foot bath at Crawley in the early hours of yesterday morning.



The platoon arriving at Brighton Aquarium headed by their band.

TERRITORIALS' ALL-NIGHT MARCH.—In an unsuccessful attempt to beat the record of the London Scottish, a platoon of the 2nd City of London Regiment (the Royal Fusiliers) have just carried out a night march from Westminster to Brighton.

A SHOPPER WADES HOME FAMOU



A Norfolk girl returning from a shopping tour has to wade through the floods to get her basket home. After both rain and snow, floods in some parts of Norfolk and the Fens are serious.



DIVORCE DECREE.—Lady Spicer, who will ask Mr. Justice Hill to-day to make absolute the decree nisi granted her against her husband, Sir Howard Spicer, last May.



A FLOWER RECORD.—The flower harvest in the Scilly Isles has been a record. In one week seventy-five tons of daffodils and narcissi were shipped.



FOR SPRING DAYS.—A charming costume of grey faced cloth—one of the newest designs of Fifinella. With it goes a small hat with drooping plumes.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



1912/13
Mr. John Daniel Hamlyn, the well-known importer of animals, died in London yesterday at the age of 65.



CALL TO SUPPORT FRANCE.—The meeting passed supporting French action in the Ruhr. France. Mr. Victor Fisher (inset) was

Cornish quarrymen
ing explosiv

Rock-boring mach
ing a ho

The famous Penl
are meeting a h
great quantities o
country.—(

QUARRIES

THE BATTLE OF BLOOMS

LOVE TRAGEDY AT RIFLE RANGE

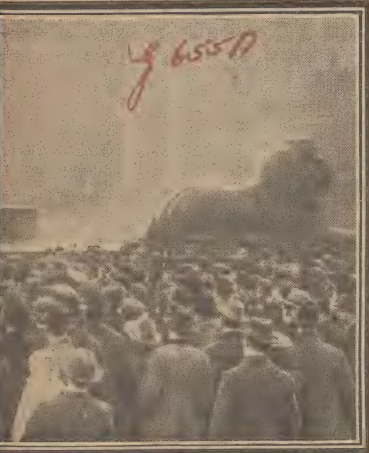


ed by a rope. Inset, giving airtight covering.



by compressed air drill-explosive charge.

near Newlyn, Cornwall, and on account of the tal needed throughout the error photographs.)



afalgar-square yesterday at which a resolution was ing on the Government to declare itself in favour of incipal speaker.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



One of the prizewinning motor-cars in the second battle of flowers at Nice. Riviera gardens now display the most lovely blooms and many exquisite specimens were seen.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



PRESSMEN'S GUEST.—Mr. Harvey (left), the American Ambassador, a guest, and Mr. J. T. Burke, who presided at a dinner at the Press Club.



GIRL MISSING.—Miss May Gibson, a pianist aged seventeen and a half, who is missing from her home at Acton. She was shortly to have appeared at a special concert.



Mr. M. P. Port, of steamer Scandinavia, awarded Royal Humane Society's medal for swimming with a line and saving ten men.



STAGE RETURN.—Miss Isabel Jay (standing), wife of Mr. Frank Curzon (inset), returns to the stage to-day in a new play. Her husband and daughter, Miss Cecilia Cavendish (seated), will also appear.



Miss Lydia Louise Potter and her fiancé, Mr. James Bourne. Inset, James Osmond Ward, who was found shot at the rifle range of the Regent-street Polytechnic, and has died. Miss Potter has identified him as a young man who paid attentions to her and whom she had told she could be only a friend.



LONDON SCOUTS' BOXING.—The Duke of York (centre), with Lieutenant-General Sir Alfred Codrington (in uniform), Commissioner of Scouts for London, at the All-London Scouts' boxing championships, held at the Stadium Club.



WREN BICENTENARY.—A choral procession leaving St. Lawrence Jewry, one of the forty-six churches in the City of which Sir Christopher Wren was the architect, during the Wren bicentenary commemorations. The great architect died on February 25, 1723.

INSBURYS

g Bargain Offer of
FOL GABARDINE
FROCKS

price 22/9

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W! I

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Lewisham, S.E. 13.

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BEST VALUE CORSET IN THE WORLD.

Twilight

BRITISH MADE.

EVERY PAIR FULLY GUARANTEED.
MONEY RETURNED IF NOT APPROVED.

Mention size when ordering.

Model 2003 MR. Slender F gnet Sports Corset, with silk elastic at top. Specially bound to prevent tearing. Lightly boned, cutaway from and back. Sizes 20 to 30 ins. Price, Post Free 10/6

Model 45 MR. A Brassiere, specially suitable for medium to full figures needing built support. Front fastening with buttons and cross-over tape to regulate waist line. Sizes 22 to 44 ins. Price, Post Free 4/6

Model 1010 MR. Full Figure Special Reducing Model, with patented cross supports. In very strong quality Cotton. Fitted with rubber bands on metal steel and six h ve supporters. Sizes 22 to 30 ins. Price 15/11 21 to 36 ins. 16/11. Post Free.

Swan & Edgar Ltd

The response to Swan & Edgar's unique White Sale offer of New Spring Goods at reduced prices, whether it be for personal wear or Linens for the Home, has been outstandingly successful. Only six more days remain to secure these exceptional advantages. Come early or order by post without further delay. Sale Book Free.

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LINEN BARGAINS

EVERYTHING REDUCED

If you cannot possibly call, send your order by post. Swan & Edgar say you are on orders of 10/- and over to any address in Great Britain. Satisfaction guaranteed.

400 Pairs of plain hemmed Cotton Sheets, Reliable makes and recommended for hard wear. 51 1/2 to 60 ins. 72 ins. x 3 yds. 12/9

Double Beds, 90 ins. x 3 yds. 15/11

SALE per pair 3,500 Pairs Hemstitched fine Longcloth Sheets, Single 14/11 Double 19/11

SALE per pair Double Beds, 90 ins. x 3 yds. 19/11

PILLOW CASES

Plain and Hemstitched Cotton Pillow Cases. Plain to 20 x 30 ins. 1/3

SALE each 22 x 32 ins. or 27 x 27 ins. 2/11

Hemstitched to button. Size 20 x 30 ins. 2/11

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Blankets

200 dozen Strong well matched Cloths, Sizes 24 x 36 ins. 12/9

SALE 12/9

6 more for 12 for

Remainder of 275 dozen fine Irish Linen Union Jacks, with Damask Borders, in assorted patterns. Size 74 x 40 ins. 15/6

SALE 6 for 15/6

Discovery!!!

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ture then-and-now
to rejoice in a splendid
TLE of this famous mix-
develop a flat chest or
up to a flaccid chest in 7
Think what this means
Write NOW, enclosing
and further particulars
Materials will be sent by
post in plain sealed
MAILER COMPANY
97, New Road St., London, W.1

Model 43MR. Best Bodice of good quality longcloth. Perfect fitting, fastens at front with button and buttonhole, laced back. In White 3/11 Post Free.

Model 2MR. Cross-stitch Braided with "Twilight" Spiral unbreakable Steel, trimmed good quality em-
brodery. Bust sizes 32 to 44 ins. Price 5/11

ALL TWILIGHT CORSETS are fitted with Twilight Spiral Steel—flexible and unbreakable—fastens in Twilight—Per-
fume, they are unobtainable in any other corset.

BLANKETS

We are offering during this sale 1,000 Pairs of Pure Wool Real Woven Blankets, in various qualities. Whipped ends. Thus: Single Beds, 60 x 80 ins. 19/6

SALE per pair Single Beds, 63 x 83 ins. 23/6

SALE per pair Full Double Beds, 82 x 100 ins. 39/6

SALE per pair

BEDSPREADS

Block Printed Bedspreads. Attract-
ive designs in Pink, Rose, Green and Blue filling.
Single Double 6/11 10/6

Each Each

ARTICLES FOR DISPOSAL

Bedding—Stainless Cutlery: 1 doz. finest with a dessert knives, 1 doz. nickel silver spoons, 1 doz. nickel silver dessert spoons, 1 doz. nickel spoons, complete in rack set; send P.O. Souther, 41, Norfolk, Northampton, prices greatly reduced; cat. free—S. 100, King's Road, E. 8, London.

181 Bedding—Why pay shop prices? Newest in metal and wood; bedding, wire mattresses, E-bedroom and general all goods sent direct to home in perfect new condition; illustrated catalogue sent free on request; send 2d to Mr. J. H. D. S. 11, Deak St., Moor-st., Birmingham. Pleas-
antly Mirror.

1000 Bedding—Why pay shop prices? Newest in metal and wood; bedding, wire mattresses, E-bedroom and general all goods sent direct to home in perfect new condition; illustrated catalogue sent free on request; send 2d to Mr. J. H. D. S. 11, Deak St., Moor-st., Birmingham. Pleas-
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antly Mirror.

Model 141MR. Boneless Corset of handsome Broche, Suitable for Sports wear, or for full figures. If worn over corsets it will greatly assist in moulding the figure to good proportion. Made to fasten down side. In Pink or White. Bust sizes 32 to 44 ins. Price Post Free 12/9

Model 2MR. Cross-stitch Braided with "Twilight" Spiral unbreakable Steel, trimmed good quality em-
brodery. Bust sizes 32 to 44 ins. Price 5/11

ALL TWILIGHT CORSETS are fitted with Twilight Spiral Steel—flexible and unbreakable—fastens in Twilight—Per-
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BEDSPREADS

Block Printed Bedspreads. Attract-
ive designs in Pink, Rose, Green and Blue filling.
Single Double 6/11 10/6

Each Each

WANTED TO PURCHASE

Rate 2s. 6d. per line, minimum 2 lines

ABSOLUTELY BEST Prices paid for old Artificial Teeth
Dental Plates, Dental Alloy, Platinum, etc.; call or write and I will give a Free address book to forward on receipt of same I will make a good cash offer; if price not of my satisfactory goods will be returned immediately, post paid; my prices best obtainable anywhere; established 1875—E. Lewis (Deak St.) 24, Warwick St., Regent-st., London, W.1; also at 20, South-st., London.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (Old Bought, best prices given; up to 7s. per tooth (planned on value); 12s. on silver, 16s. on gold, 22 on platinum; cash or order by return; if not accepted teeth returned; post free; satisfaction guaranteed.—S. Cann and Co. (Dept. D.M.), 69a, Market-st., Manchester.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth—Wonderful Discovery; prevents aching; full instructions; "Frangible" post free 1s. 11d. thousands of testimonials.—Hoylands Labora-
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TAMBORINA Nainsook

Every colour suggests a different use. White is for baby's long gowns and petticoats. The pale shades of Blue, Pink, Mauve and Yellow make Linen as dainty as anyone could wish. The deeper shades are ideal for washing Frocks. Pattern card showing full range of colours sent free on request.

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PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

"PLEASE TELL US A STORY!"

At Home.
 MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,
 Being an uncle has its disadvantages. The other day I was invited out to tea by a family, which consists of no fewer than eight children. Now, as you know, I am very fond of children—but I must say I prefer them one at a time! Immediately after tea, eight excited little tongues, each working at the same time, demanded, "Please tell us a story, uncle!"

"But I don't know any stories," I protested. A chorus of disbelief greeted this.

"You must know a story!" "Why, you write one every day!" "Make one up—please, please, PLEASE!"

Well, what could I do? I racked my brains for a story, and finally began: "Once upon a

time there was a little girl who always wore a red hood, so—

"We know that one!" screamed the voices. I tried all the old favourites, but they knew every one by heart. At last, in despair, I decided to "make one up."

"There was once a poor old man, whose hair was growing grey with worry and hard work. One week-end, after working very hard all the week, he visited a friend, hoping to get a little peace and quiet, and rest his fevered brow. But to his horror he discovered that his friend's house was swarming with mischievous imps—eight of them—who all attacked him at once, shouting a terrible battle-cry: 'Tell us a story!'"

"I know who the old man was!" piped the smallest voice. "I'll whisper it." And the owner of the small voice whispered into my ear. She was quite right. Can you guess who he was?

Your affectionate Uncle Dick.

THE TALES THEY TOLD!

What Little Betty Overheard in the Kitchen.

BETTY was kneeling in front of the kitchen fire, making toast for tea. The kettle was singing merrily away on the hob, and Betty fancied that it was really singing a little song.

Suddenly the little girl started. The kettle had ceased to sing, but now—was she dreaming!—it was speaking, actually speaking, in a high, wheezy tone.

"Oh, I am a merry



Betty was making toast.

old soul, I am!" it was saying. "I sing all day for very joy. I've never been known to be cold to a friend."

Then another voice chimed in, and Betty was sure it came from the pot where Mother had put an egg to boil. "Oh, you're a wonderful person, you are!" sneered the egg. "You never boil with rage, do you?"

THE NEEDLE'S JOKE.
 "I admit I do get hot sometimes," said the kettle, modestly.

"And then you splutter and spit and make a fuss, until the whole kitchen is sick of you!" went on the egg.

"Oh, boil yourself!" said the kettle, rudely.

"Tut, tut! don't be so rude," put in an onion on the kitchen table. "You'll bring tears to all our eyes—and I'm the only person here who ought to be allowed to make people cry."

"You can't bring tears to my eyes," chuckled a potato. "Mother's needle added, 'Nor mine. See the point?'"

"What a rotten joke!" said a plate, scornfully.

"You're cracked!" retorted the needle.

"Come, come, not so sharp!" said the clock, kindly.

OUT GOES THE GAS!
 "Sharp! You're never sharp!" You're always slow!" scoffed the needle. "As for you, Mr. Lemon, I'll squeeze you until you're dry! And Mr. Ball," added the spiteful needle, as he noticed that a football in the corner was looking rather shocked, "you're a bouncing boy, I know, but you needn't go up in the air just because I make a pointed remark. That's all my eye, that is, you know!"

"I'm quite put out," sighed the gas, "with your vulgarity."

And, true enough, out went the gas, and the kitchen was in darkness. When Betty scrambled to her feet and lit it again, she found that the kettle was boiling—but, although he spluttered and hissed, neither he nor any of the other occupants of the kitchen ever spoke again.

FREETOZE FOOTWEAR for Children

"If you let the Children choose They will ask for Freetoze Shoes."

High Class Footwear Made to the Natural Form of Children's feet!

Sizes	Prices
7 to 10	7/11
11 to 14	8/11
2 to 5	12/9

Plus 9d. per pair postage.



In Tan Willow, Black, Red, and All Patent Leather.

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DOLCIS SHOE CO.'S SHOPS LONDON & PROVINCES

ALL POST ORDERS TO
 7-10, GT. DOVER ST., Borough, S.E.

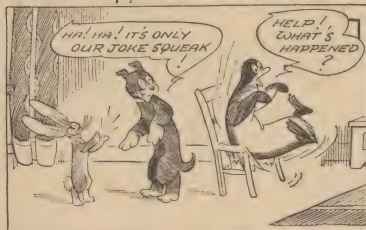
PIP PLAYS AT "COME AND SIT ON MY CHAIR!"



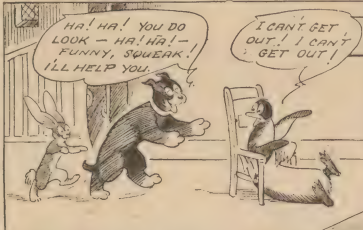
1. Pip and Wilfred had arranged a little practical joke to play on poor Squeak.



2. Pip very politely asked her to sit down. Squeak was very flattered—and sat down.



3. But, to her horror, she fell right through the chair! Pip had cut away the seat—



4.—and covered it with paper. "Help! help!" cried Squeak. "I can't get out!"



5. Pip and Wilfred, doubled up with laughter, helped the poor penguin out of the chair.



6. Pip thought it was a great joke—but Squeak didn't see the point at all!

The luxurious baby Car with the wonderful shock-absorbing chassis.

BUOYANT
 The Rolls-Royce of Baby Cars

There is no other baby car so comfortable and so smooth riding because only the "Buoyant-as-Air" Baby Car has the patent chassis with shock-absorbing springs.

SPECIAL MODEL

This New Model is a mate to the famous Buoyant shock-absorbing TELEGRAPH CHASSIS, with outside springs, beautifully upholstered, plated fittings, bicycle wheels, mudguards, brakes, hood and storm apron.



11 Gns
 Bell-bearing wheels, 32" extra.

Write for free catalogue and name of the nearest agent where you can see this magnificent baby car.
E. TAYLOR & SONS,
 Sole Makers Dock St., Leeds

AT ALL CHEMISTS

JOSÉ COLLINS

"I would advise the woman who is seeking a really perfect cream and powder to try Crème Tokalon and Poudre Tokalon—I have tried them and would never be without them." says this charming stage favourite. Why not try these French beauty products yourself? They are guaranteed to give you complete satisfaction or your money is refunded.

CRÈME TOKALON

IN POTS 1/6 AND 2/6 OR TUBES 1/3

BOURNVILLE

7 1/2 1/4 lb COCOA

See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate

Skin Eruptions Are Usually Due to Constipation.

When you are constipated there is an insufficient quantity of lubricant produced by your system to keep the food waste soft. Doctors prescribe Nujol because its action so closely resembles that of this natural lubricant.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. Your chemist has it. Try it to-day.

Nujol
 For Constipation

less Telegraphy; youths from 16 upwards trained for the services and positions obtained: moderate fees.—Applicants, Dept. D.M. 262, Earl's Court rd., S.W. 3.

FIRST FASCINATING INSTALMENT OF GREAT NEW SERIAL THE MYSTERY HUSBAND

By A. J.
RUSSELL



Eve Sturdee.

CHAPTER I.

IT was eight o'clock. The post office at Redway Bank had been closed for an hour.

Seated at a wide table on the official side of a stained pine counter which divided the one-roomed office into equal parts were Mrs. Manson, the widowed postmistress, and her daughter Eve, her only clerk.

Mrs. Manson, with brows contracted, was endeavouring to balance the numbers of postal orders sold that day with those remaining in the Government folder. She was too accustomed to the staccato banging of the date stamp as her daughter sorted and defaced the evening's post to be distracted thereby.

But the silence which followed a sudden cessation in her daughter's work caused her to look up.

"Oh, child, what's wrong?"

The date stamp was now lying on the unfinished post, and Eve's eyes were welling tears.

"It's nothing, mother, dear," said Eve, making to resume her work.

But Mrs. Manson's maternal interest was not to be brushed aside.

"I know better," she said with decision. "You were thinking of Ronald Sturdee is not the singer; only the porter who carries the bag."

"Oh, he's more than that, surely—for he discovered her," remonstrated Eve, who had listened helplessly to her mother's outburst.

"I know, my child, that he's very musical."

Mrs. Manson conceded in a quieter tone, "but I also know that a single young man who spends his time looking for new talent for the concert platform may one day forget he's engaged."

Eve coloured.

"You have no right to say that about Ronald—at least, not yet—and I won't listen to you any more. You're too horrible." As she said this Eve Manson left the table and crossed to the window. There were only a few villagers to be seen moving about the High-street, and these were already turning homewards through the deepening twilight to their early beds.

The dark, wistful eyes of Eve surveyed but did not see the tranquil thoroughfare; at that moment she saw only the great smoke-shrouded London of which she had heard so much—that London which was to play so important a part in her future.

She thought: What was Ron doing up there in that wonderful city? Why were his letters so infrequent, so formal? Why? Why?

Nowadays her mother was always commenting adversely on Ronald and his apparent neglect, though it was not so long ago that she had had all enthusiasm over his phenomenal progress.

A tall, beautiful brunette, Eve Manson's large, wide-set eyes, oval face and full red lips suggested an intensely loving, even passionate, nature.

She was in contrast to her mother, who was a wonderful woman, but a trifle hard—a little

too intellectual to be deeply sympathetic. She was worldly wise, more worldly wise, Eve felt, than she could ever hope to be. As a governess she had travelled all round the world until her marriage to a man of good birth, but no financial stability. After his death she was glad to accept the offer of a comfortable living as postmistress at Redway Bank.

Mrs. Manson rose from her chair and joined her daughter at the window.

"Child," she now said, "my heart aches for you. Girls like you are born in the world, I fear, for only one reason."

Eve turned sharply. "What is that?"

Mrs. Manson said that the tears were still dangerously near. She drew her daughter to her with unwonted tenderness.

"Eve," she said, "perhaps it's kinder to tell you now, before you find out for yourself, that you, and girls with natures like yours, are just born to—"

"To what?"

"To suffer!"

It was about this hour that Eve's betrothed stopped at a newly vermilioned letter-box near Hyde Park Corner. In his hand he held the long overdue letter to his village sweetheart. But though he had delayed so long, Ronald Sturdee had still to determine whether he should post the letter or destroy it.

The evening was chilly, and this may have helped him. He dropped the letter in the box.

THE FATEFUL LETTER.

MRS. MANSON bustled into Eve's bedroom the following morning with: "Here it is, my child. He's found time to write at last!"

Eve accepted the letter without any expression of eagerness.

Her mother passed down the side of the bed to the window, drew the blinds, and stood awhile watching the steady downpour of rain with which the morning at Redway Bank had opened.

"Well! What is the excuse this time? Has he made another great discovery?" she asked.

Hearing no response, she turned. Eve was sitting up, with Ronald's letter lying on the patchwork quilt before her.

"Why, child, you've got your letter, and you haven't even opened it! After waiting a whole



"Ron," said Eve, "what is this thing you want to tell me? Is it very terrible?" Ronald Sturdee gave a perceptible start. "Terrible! Why terrible?" Eve sought to read in Ronald's expressionless countenance what was passing in his mind. But his face baffled her.

High-street they plied him with questions on London, showing especial interest in St. Paul's, the Zoo and the Serpentine. Then they blithely imparted all the local news, with especial reference to the loings and sayings of most interesting of all local institutions, their own school. By the time Joyce had made the startling disclosure that she could beat all in the gym class in turning somersaults, the post-office was reached.

"However did you manage to tear yourself away?" was Mrs. Manson's icy greeting.

"It's taking a risk, I know," imperturbably returned her prospective son-in-law. "But it will probably be all right. Where's Eve?"

"Dorothy, run upstairs and tell Eve that Ron's here." Then, to the visitor: "Eve's expecting you. She received your letter this morning." Mrs. Manson said "this morning" with a snap.

Eve bounded down the stairs on the heels of Dorothy, hoping that the warmth of her salutations would hide from her lover the dark rings round her eyes and other signs of recent tears.

"Dorothy, run upstairs and tell Eve that Ron's here." Then, to the visitor: "Eve's expecting you. She received your letter this morning." Mrs. Manson said "this morning" with a snap.

Eve bounded down the stairs on the heels of Dorothy, hoping that the warmth of her salutations would hide from her lover the dark rings round her eyes and other signs of recent tears.

"I can look after both counters myself this afternoon," announced Mrs. Manson to Eve when the meal was over. "You and Ron had better go for a walk. It's raining and the sun's out. Get back by tea-time. I should

past. Well, let him do it! You'll be well rid of him."

"Does he say that he is tired—is tired of me?"

"Not exactly," broke in Mrs. Manson. "But that is what he means: of course, that is what he means! Listen! 'My Dear Eve,—I am late again as usual, a fine way to begin a love letter. I am not fit to go so late in the day as that it's always Saturday before I realise I should have written to you on the previous Monday.'"

Mrs. Manson paused in her reading to glance sympathetically over her gold-rimmed spectacles at her daughter's white face. "How dare he address you of all girls in that casual way? The man's just an ill-mannered cub! Nothing more!"

The discoverer of Navana, indeed! It's time he discovered how to be a gentleman."

"Go on, mother. Don't worry to run him down any more. Just read what he says."

Mrs. Manson resumed: "Believe me, Eve, I am truly sorry to have hurt your feelings by writing so infrequently, but I am sure you will understand my difficulties. And now, Eve, I want to tell you that for some weeks I have been thinking over matters as between you and me, and have reached certain conclusions. What they are I do not think it fair to you to state in a letter. So I propose to leave the office to struggle along by itself for one whole day, and to run down to Redway Bank to see you.—Yours affectionately, Ronald."

"There! And that's supposed to be a love-letter—a love-letter a week overdue!" snapped Mrs. Manson, as she laid down the missive.

"But"—Eve brightened—"he's coming down to-day. He'll be here this afternoon."

"Yes, and why is he coming? I know!" She tossed her head significantly. "I know what he's been turning over in his calculating business mind—how he can best break his pledge to you without damaging himself. I shall have a talk with him myself before he goes back!"

Eve's two younger sisters, Joyce and Dorothy, brought Ronald Sturdee back with them when they returned for lunch from the Redway Bank Girls' High School. Eve had met him as he came out of the station. Full of youthful spirits, and unaware of the purport of recent conversations between Eve and their mother, they had rushed to greet him with demonstrative proprietary affection.

As they plied their hero, a broad-shouldered, curly-haired giant with rather fine grey eyes and a cynical mouth, through the curving

like to hear from Ronald of all the new things that are happening in town."

In bright sunshine Ronald Sturdee and Eve Manson walked along the sleepy High-street to the cross-roads at the top of the village. Here a footpath, bisecting a meadow, with yellow buttercups, led them from the highway, across the open moor, thence up the steep grassy slopes of Sphinxdown, to where the stump of a granite obelisk, blasted by lightning a half-century ago, marked the highest point in Hampshire. The down itself was so named because of its remarkable resemblance to the Riddle of Egypt.

During their progress upwards towards this commanding eminence their conversation, as though by pre-arrangement, had carefully avoided that cryptic phrase in Ronald Sturdee's letter. Eve prompted her lover to speak of himself, his work, and his artists. Picking out the heads of the buttercups and the tender green shoots of the blackberry bushes with his cane as he climbed, Ronald Sturdee jocularly described his difficulties in maintaining an equipment between two professions, and with an exaggerated sense of their own talent and an equally distorted view of the art of their contemporaries.

The supposition Navana is too big to be jealous of the others," Eve hazarded.

Ronald Sturdee halted and smiled down at Eve. She noticed his expression; its hint of patronage cut her deeply, but she did not show she had been hurt. There flashed through her brain the question: "Does he really mean me? I am so inexperienced, so unsophisticated?"

But Ronald was answering her.

"Is Navana jealous? Why, of course! She calls Carmel—she's named her—right, I'll admit—that spreading chestnut tree!"

"And Carmel—is she the same?"

"Well," rejoined Ronald judiciously, "I think Carmel is just a shade worse. She knows that Navana is already as good as she, Carmel, has ever been, and will probably improve as her voice reaches full maturity. And it positively infuriates her to see her place being filled. So, to annoy Navana, she tells the newspaper interviewers that she expects to retire as soon as she can see a world star big enough to fill her place. But she is careful to add that there is none yet above the horizon."

"The horrid cats!" exclaimed Eve, who had listened with surprised interest. "I had always thought of prime donne as singing mostly for the poor or for the hospitals—not as being spiteful to each other."

As she spoke Eve was subconsciously aware that her lover was regarding her curiously. She glanced up quickly to observe again the half-contemptuous smile playing round the corners of his mouth. Again her sensitive nature recoiled as though from a deliberate blow.

"Ah! Here we are," exclaimed Ronald. "It's good to be back again—if only for a day."

They had reached the summit of Sphinxdown.

THE UNEXPECTED LOVER.

FOR a few minutes they stood looking down in silent admiration on the landscape of which Redway Bank, nestling in a belt of stately chestnut trees, was the picturesque centre.

Most of the houses, instead of being roofed with thatch or slate, common to English villages, were topped with red tiles obtained from the famous Redway Tile Works, which flourished near by. In the afternoon sunshine this red tiling, washed bright by the morning rain, now shined up vividly against the green and gold of the early spring.

Eve broke the spell.

"Ron, what is this thing you want to tell me? Is it very terrible?"

Ronald Sturdee gave a perceptible start.

"Terrible! Why terrible?"

Eve sought to read in Ronald's expressionless countenance what was passing in his mind. But his face baffled her. A flow provokingly handsome he was, thought Eve.

"Darling, you were so nervous in your letter of this morning," she proceeded. "You said you had been thinking all sorts of things about us, about our engagement, and that you had come to a certain conclusion. What did you mean?"

He glanced down at her.

"Yes, Eve," he said, softly, "and that is why I have come."

"Then say it, sweetheart! Don't be afraid. I won't be hurt whatever it is." Eve strove to speak carelessly—and failed.

The half-cynical smile faded from Ronald Sturdee's face as he noted Eve's expression, and in its place there came a look of unusual tenderness.

Then he sprang his surprise.

"I came down to ask if you can be ready to marry me very soon—sooner than we had arranged. Come, we've done that already. Before long, I hope to say in luxury."

Continued on page 16.

THE MYSTERY HUSBAND

(Continued from page 15.)

The sunshine returned to Eve's face. "You silly boy!" she exclaimed. "But why did you give me such a fright in your letter? It was so final and formal and mysterious. I thought all sorts of horrid things. And all the time you were only thinking of an earlier wedding." For an instant Ronald seemed to hesitate. Then he stooped and kissed Eve's lips. "That's so, sweetheart," he vowed. "As I said, I have been seriously considering our position for a long time. And now I have decided that, if you agree, we can marry this month."

"You agree?" It was said, he thought, almost as a matter of form. It jarred her; for the moment she wanted to say petulantly that she did not agree. Then she impulsively threw her arms round Ronald's neck, buried her face in his coat and sobbed.

The repressed feelings of the past few months, during which her lover had seemed to neglect her increasingly, had now broken free. She had known that the climax would be reached that day. It would, she had thought, resolve itself into a cool farewell of her lover. Expecting and even prepared for separation, she was the more unready to hear such startling news as he had brought. How could she compose herself? How could she answer the man whom she had so deeply wronged by thinking evil of him, her lover, who was now caring for her hair in an endeavour to restore her self-complacency?

He bent down and whispered in her ear. "Eve, why are you crying? Don't you want to marry me, after all? Am I not good enough for you?"

She raised her eyes and tried to smile. "You dear boy," she said, "of course you are good enough." She nearly added "Far too good for me."

"Then why do you cry?" "Oh, don't ask me! I have been thinking all sorts of nasty, horrid things about you because you did not write. I have been a very wicked girl to think them. I don't deserve your love—this happiness."

"Nonsense, Eve! You wicked? You, of all persons!" He embraced her fondly. "Why, you are the last to think or do a wrong thing. I know you, little girl, even better than you know your own self."

She was puzzled. Could what he claimed be true? Did this strong, distant lover of hers know her nature so intimately? For if he did he must know how his seeming neglect and aloofness had distressed her.

That evening, after she had waved farewell to Ronald until the London train had turned the bend, Eve walked with her mother through the fragrant twilight to the top of the village.

"Are you feeling very happy, my child?" "Yes, mother dear, very."

Mrs. Manson's opinion of Ronald Sturdee had by now undergone another change.

"I must admit that I have badly misjudged Ron," she announced. "I think I understand him better. He was so busy building the nest that he omitted to watch over the one for whom he was building. Those successful young men are like that, I believe."

"Are they, mother?" And then, as an after thought: "Am I an ignoramus?"

"Gorgeous, child, with a few askings? Of course, you are not. Whoever said you were?"

"Nobody said so. Only—only I sometimes feel that I am."

AN UNCONVENTIONAL HONEYMOON.

RONALD STURDEE and his bride stood before the altar at the Redway Bank Parish Church.

"You have taken each other for better or worse, for richer for poorer, till you are parted by death," said the white-haired priest. "I charge you to remember your vows at all times. Live together as one. Confess your faults one to another. Help each other to the full extent of your powers. My children, God hath joined you together in holy matrimony; remember that only God can separate you. Let neither man nor woman come between you, for the Scripture saith, 'Whosoever God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' God bless you both."

Why was the dear old curate-in-charge so concerned to remind them that they must be for ever faithful to each other? asked Eve of her self as she stood by the side of her beloved. What couple ever thought of infidelity when, hand in hand, they knelt at the altar? Certainly no man could entice her from Ronald. Nor was there, she was assured, any woman who could take him away from her.

The church was crowded with villagers, most of whom had known Ronald Sturdee and Eve Manson since babyhood. "What a fine couple! He's got a treasure in young Eve Manson," said the man with the good catch for a girl in a village post-office! said many a beaming mother.

The carriages drove up to collect the wedding party as they descended the steps through a shower of confetti. Eve was scarcely less pale than her white satin dress and orange wreath. Her eyes downcast, her hand tightly clutching her husband's arm, she seemed to be undergoing an ordeal. Yet she was feeling deliciously happy.

Ronald Sturdee had no sense of shyness as he led his wife down through the double line of eager villagers to the wedding carriage. Towering several inches above the tallest in the crowd, he looked amusedly on as though to him a wedding was but an ordinary morning custom.

"But for the bride her wedding day is the

day of her life," he seemed to be saying. "Very well, I must make her day as joyous as possible."

Three happy days fled by in that most delightful resort for honeymooners, Lynton, in North Devon. They were spent in exhilarating rambles on Exmoor, in peaceful walks beneath the twisted hazels to Watersmeet, in excursions up Bagworthy Water to the tiny depression that in Blackmoor's novel developed into the formidable Doone Glen, and in glorious evening strolls through the impressive Valley of Rocks.

Though Ronald's air of detachment still occasionally puzzled Eve, she had enjoyed nearly every speeding moment since they left Redway Bank. The tender golden green of spring was darkening into the deeper emerald of early summer. All nature buzzed and throbbed and sang for joy.

They had planned to spend ten days in Lynton before proceeding to London, where they would occupy a flat which Sturdee had taken for three years.

"Just think of it! Another whole week in glorious Devon!" exclaimed Eve as she awoke the morning of the fourth day of the honeymoon. "I think I could stay here for ever."

"Ye-es," said Ronald a trifle abstractedly. Tea and the morning newspaper arrived in the bedroom together. Ronald took the newspaper and began reading it, at first casually, then with sudden interest.

"Eve! See there!" he suddenly exclaimed. "I'm afraid we must be moving! Yes, we must leave to-day! I must catch the Paris train to-night."

Eve spilled the tea in her astonishment. "We leave to-day? You go to Paris? What-ever's happened?"

Ronald was up and already dressing as he answered: "Don't you see that a Welsh girl soprano has made a great hit in Paris? I must fix her up as one of my celebrity artists for next winter's tour."

A mental mist shut out Eve's view of the fine headland across the valley; Ronald's sudden change of plans had left her dazed. Were they to be separated already? Was their honeymoon over?

"And what have I to do?" she asked, rather helplessly. "Shall I—"

If there was one place that would have compensated Eve for leaving Lynton it was Paris. But he had said: "Am I going," not "we."

She checked herself.

"Oh, I'll drop you at the flat, where you can help Mabel to get everything nice and cosy. I shall be back in a few days." And then, as an after-thought: "You see, Eve, it's going to be a rush, and I haven't much spare cash just yet, or I'd take you with me. We'll go over together in the summer."

Eve thought: He was going to Paris to seek a girl soprano. And going alone! His offer to take her was only an after-thought. Their honeymoon was over already. It had lasted just three days!

Eve spoke little at breakfast, though she listened as attentively as she could while Ronald explained what the new artist, if secured, might mean to him.

There was just time for one short farewell stroll through the Valley of Rocks, during which Eve found herself wondering if this beautiful valley, with its jagged horizons, was a symbol of her own future life. Had she, on her wedding day, entered what at first appeared to be a valley of delight only to find it a Valley of Rocks?

Another long instalment of this enthralling new serial will appear to-morrow.

UNDER FALSE PRETENCES

CONCLUSION.

SMITH waited in the reception-room of the nursing home to which Sir Geoffrey Farrell had been removed and, waiting, he brought a letter out from his pocket—a letter which he had only hastily read. He would now have time to read it more carefully. It was from Purvis.

"Dear sir," it began. It had originally started "Dear Smith," but "Smith" had been crossed out and "sir" had been substituted.

Acting on instructions received from Mr. Walpole, Collinson has been moved to the Cottage Hospital, where he is receiving attention. I hear Nell Cartwright has left quietly, after a quarrel with her father.

It is a great happiness to me and Bessie to know as Miss Alaine would keep us on—me especially. Our banns is to be read for the first time in church next Sunday. Trusting to meet with your approval.

Me and Bessie and Mrs. Biggs and Biggs look forward to your and Miss Alaine's return with Sir Geoffrey. I think this is all. Miss Alaine's white two-seater was brought back, with congratulations, yesterday by a man from London garage—Yours obediently, Frank Purvis.

P.S.—Dear Smith, it's a flicker how things has turned out. Me and Bessie, you and Miss Alaine, but I wouldn't change places."

"Nor," said Smith to himself, "would I—not with the King on his throne."

And then the door opened and Alaine came to him, her face shining, her eyes bright. She came straight to him and laid her head against his breast.

"Oh," she said, "he knew me! He called me by my mother's name, and then—he seemed to realise and called me 'Alaine.' He knew me—Smith!"

THE END.

Now turn to page 15 and start reading "The Mystery Husband," a grand new serial, by A. J. Russell.

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THE SOCIAL ROUND

LUNCHES—A PRESENT FOR LADY ELIZABETH.

ALL topsy-turvy—the social arrangements of public luncheons to see people enjoying a huge joke and not to know what it is? The Duchess of Atholl and the Archbishop of Canterbury heard—at least she was laughing with her usual whole-heartedness, though he looked solemn enough.

PRIVATE LUNCHES—

Some of the lunches are in private houses—Lady Granard is giving several and Lady Cunard had one every day last week—and some in hotels. Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon and a cousin were lunching very quietly at the Savoy one morning, and each went away with one of those delicious lunches of Neapolitan violets that "Arthur" saves for his favourite customers. A hen party was given there by Lady Cowan—in ever such an attractive cottage and hat of brown silk with a matisse effect in silver—to Lady Sydenham and some others.

AND PUBLIC ONES.

I saw Lady Eykes at the English Speaking Union lunch to the Prime Minister last week, and fell in love with her pretty three-piece costume of blue faced cloth and Paisley silk. The long bodice was of silk and the skirt of cloth, and there was just a touch of the Paisley on the coat—peeping from the turned-back cuffs. A little straw toque with the upturned brim covered with wee blue wings was pretty too—and so was the radiant Scots lassie face beneath it.

WOMEN AND HATS.

Lady Arbuthnot Lane in a becoming picture hat and a red Spanish shawl was there with her husband, and Lady Greenwood, with Sir Hamar, was wearing a mushroom hat trimmed with glycerine feathers. Isn't it tiresome, though, at



To meet the chilly winds of early spring this patterned velvet coat has been given skunk as trimming.

A WEDDING GOWN.

I should think every girl who was at the dainty M. Violante gave at the Archbishop's last week would accept the very next proposal of marriage just to wear the wedding gown one of the mannequins wore—it was a dress parade, too! Renaissance in style, you almost expected to see a Venetian Doge stopping to greet her and a red-robed Cardinal waiting to perform the ceremony. Silver lace over the softest chiffon had sun rays of diamonds radiating from a wonderful diamond and pearl ornament into which the lace was gathered at the knee. And seven yards of clear tulle made the veil.

A WEDDING PRESENT.

I've heard of one very interesting present for Lady Elizabeth—a specially bound volume of Walter Page's letters. He was that very popular American Ambassador who was here through the war. What he says about us in them restores my faith in us as a great nation, and I don't care if it is insular to think so!

ITALY.

With the approach of the royal visit to Italy that country will rival Spain—now "fashionable." Murray's has an Italian night to-morrow for the Italian Hospital. Marchesi has a very fine programme.

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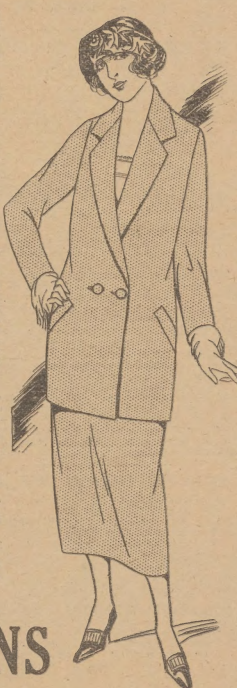
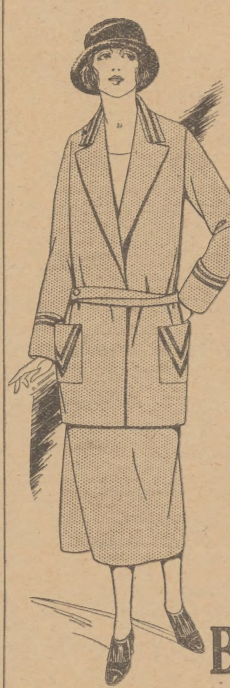
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ARTICLE ON
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ON PAGE 7.

THE DAILY MIRROR, Monday, February 26, 1923.

Pip's Little Joke: See Page 13.

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

"THE MYSTERY
HUSBAND,"
BY
A. J. RUSSELL,
BEGINS
ON PAGE 15.



SHEFFIELD UNITED'S GREAT VICTORY AT ANFIELD: DERBY COUNTY BEAT WEDNESDAY



Headwork was a feature of the match.



Blackwell (Sheffield goalkeeper) throws clear while Johnson (second from left) is held off.



Wednesday back (stripes) neatly robs a Derby forward.



Davison clears while Derby forward charges.



Forshaw (left) snaps up a quick centre from Lacey.



Forshaw (Liverpool) jumps to drive a close-range shot.



Will it come? An anxious moment for Davison in the Wednesday goal.



Johnson (centre) lifts the ball goalwards when pressed.

It was Liverpool's great ambition to lift Cup and League championship in one season—a feat not accomplished for twenty-six years. Sheffield United defeated the League cham-

pions at Liverpool 2-1, and now become favourites for the Cup. Derby County only won by a goal against the Wednesday, but deserved a bigger success.